

**A great neighborhood no one's heard of page 52**

T U C S O N • A R I Z O N A

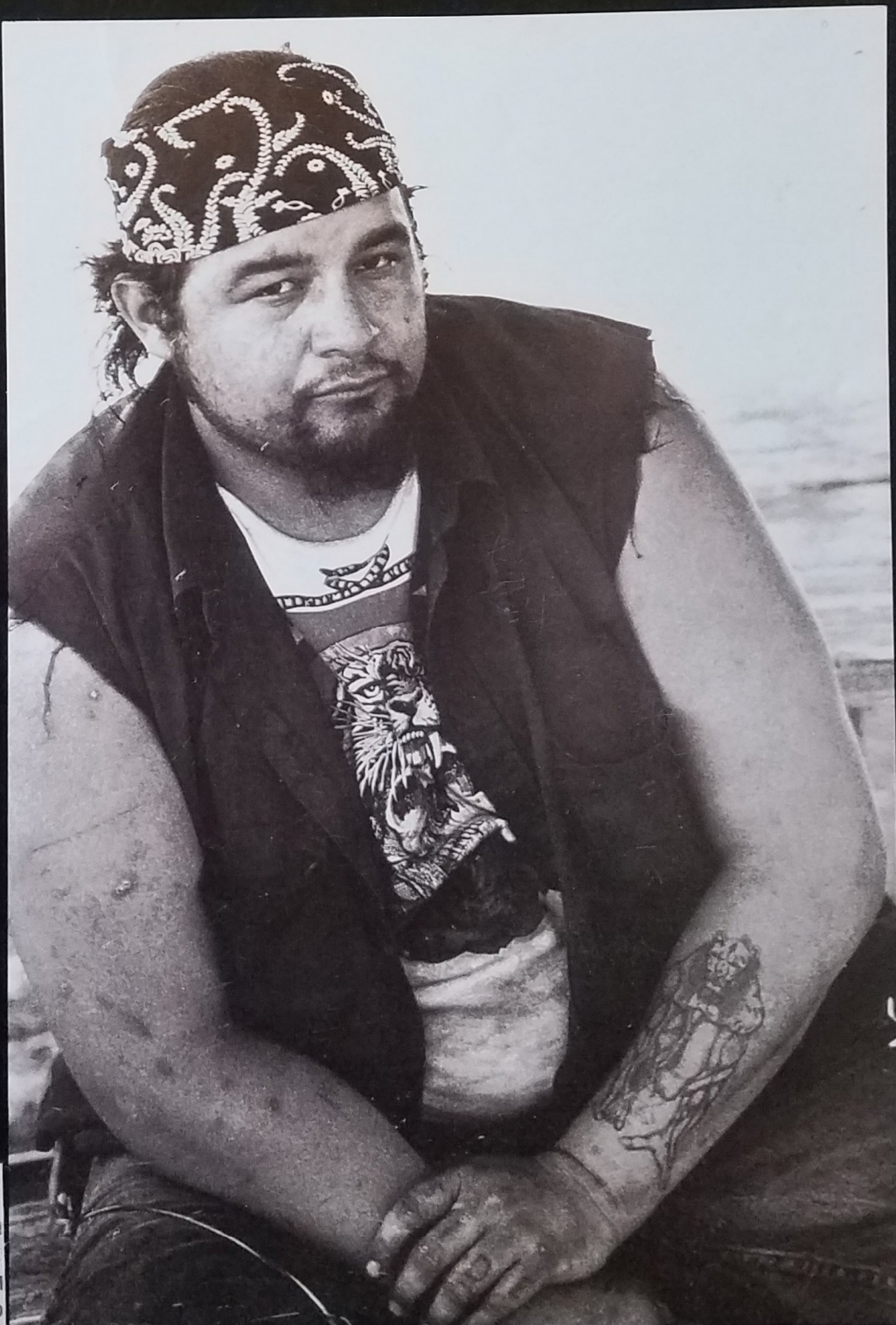
# CITYMAGAZINE

June 1988 \$1.95

## BADLANDS

### **A Savage Journey to the Coast through Hell and Madness**

We enter.  
The bar is lined with  
tattooed men wearing  
denim vests, big knives  
strapped to their legs,  
pistols stuffed into  
their pockets and  
wallets secured by  
chains with the girth of  
logging cables.  
I decide I am dead.  
page 36.



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Children of migrant workers. Coachella Valley, California.

Photo by Jack Dykinga

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**Cover:** Photograph of "Brew," Imperial Valley, California, by Jack Dykinga.  
**Volume 3, Number 6**

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Nails & Design: Paula Yox Photo: Lynda Michaluk

## LETTERS

### All Talk? Or Serious Moral Commitment?

C'mon Fellas and Iggy:

Bellissima Bulldog and I, who practice Architecture (all types and sizes) in our over-century-old office in DOWNTOWN Tucson, think you are wonderful and that it is wonderful that you noticed something is wrong with the Architectural environment in Tucson.

In fifteen years of writing and teaching Architectural projects at the University of Arizona I have addressed, continually, the problems of many parts of town and many peoples. This has elicited enthusiasm and understanding from my students and we have been disappointed usually by the lack of response from invited public figures involved in the areas of study. Notable among people bothering to concern themselves with Architecture School projects has been former Councilman Volgy.

My private practice has also suffered from local lack of understanding of the issues of design in our town, although there is considerable national and international understanding and recognition of the problems and solutions of working in this place.

Are you going to leave us with your disgusting pictures and discouraging words—and just go away—like the others? Or are you going to start a continuing forum about why and how it happened and how it *might* be?

People do not understand how much better our environment could be. They need help to imagine the possibilities and evaluate the criteria. They are also discouraged from better design by unenlightened financial interests.

We must develop a forum that explains: not ugly—but considerate, careful, beautiful, and their value. This is not just talk, this is serious moral commitment. Are you ready?

Judith Chafee  
Fellow of the American Institute of Architects

### At Last The Words Are Uttered

At last a cover story about ugly...at last the utterance of the words architecture and art in the same sentence! The question should not be "how did we manage to build such an ugly city in such a beautiful place?" but how have we managed to produce any architecture at all?

The only good architecture in this town has become that simply by nostalgic proclamation or has been carefully and thoughtfully designed by architects and designers who forcefully resist the pressures of mediocrity and ignorance that pervade this community.

Certainly the designers and architects deserve some of the blame for the mediocre work that fills our valley, as do the clients. But let us not pardon the media for their ignorance of the art. Mr. Cheek represents the only true critic of architecture on its own terms that we can call our own. Who will educate the public about design and its implications when our major (and minor) publications continue to ignore the subject? Photographs of drawings, models and, indeed, buildings are continually published without credit to architects or designers, and projects are rarely discussed on a level higher than subjective aesthetics.

Is it any wonder then that we are continually subjected to the same old dreck?

Paul T. Edwards, Architect

### Macho, Ego-Oriented, Tough-Guy Iguana?

Like most everyone who has read your fine magazine, I have thoroughly enjoyed everything about it. It was given to me as a Christmas present and I have intended ever since to renew indefinitely. That, however, has abruptly and irreversibly changed upon seeing your tribute to the "Safari Club Bash."

I cannot understand how you could have published that smug, cutesy, condescending piece of misguided trash about a place that not only should not be called a museum, but represents in an arrogant, self-serving way the very worst aspects of the human animal. I am appalled that, through printing it as you did, you would condone the male/macho/ego-oriented/tough-guy spirit that underlies that insidious place, as well as the exploitative, devastating, anti-nature results of a mentality that has far too long ruled this planet and thoroughly imperils it now.

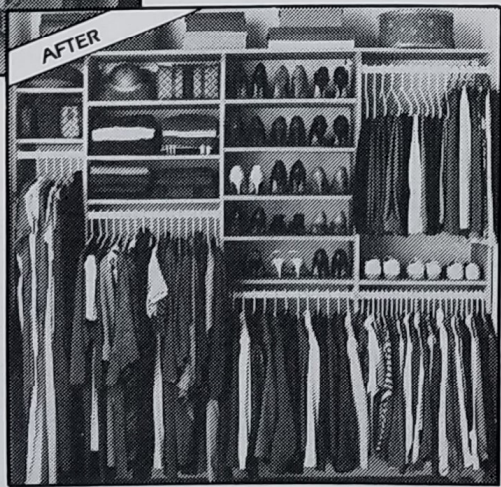
If it weren't so deadly sad, it would be incredibly, comically ironic that in the same issue of *City Mag* you published: "Worlds in Collision"; "Bringing Up Bozo"; "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly"; the Casa Cemento cartoon; and

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Terry Johnson's parrot preservation plea—all detailing your philosophy of protecting the valuable resources we have remaining and stemming the tide of deterioration and destruction.

Though I will miss tremendously the monthly pleasure and stimulation *City Mag* offered, I cannot, in good conscience, continue to read or financially support it any longer. Was I wrong about Iggy too?

Sincerely, but no more,  
Don Karl

## Baked Lizard Brains?

My renewal notice and the April issue arrived in the same mail. I have had to give some thought as to whether to renew after seeing page 36 (Safari Museum). I couldn't believe this was in *City Magazine*! Well, your fine past issues, [and] Ed Abbey's articles, which are the closest thing to sanity I usually read, kept me in the fold.

Too many naps in the sun, Iggy, to let that one make it to the pages of this magazine!?

Joan Craig Garcia

## World Views in Unison

Thank you for having the courage and integrity to print Dave Brown's "Worlds in Collision." It is the most lucid and powerful discussion of the Mt. Graham conflict that has been printed.

I'm also happy to see Dave Brown as your outdoor editor, though that seems a minor title for a truly learned man. His encyclopaedic knowledge of Arizona's natural world and the history which has affected it makes him a premier source of information and knowledge over a broad spectrum.

Bob and Artis Hernbrode  
Nogales, Arizona

## A Clear View of Mount Graham

Three cheers for *City Magazine* for not knuckling under to Steward Observatory's pressure to keep the facts covered by a veil of deception. Keep up the good work.

Charles Conner

## Where Tucson Met Itself

Just to say thank you from a frequent visitor to the Meeting Place. Laura, you made it seem just like yesterday. Enjoyed your article. Please continue to share your writings with us.

Kay Thomson

## The Inimitable Molly

In behalf of the students and faculty of the UA Committee on Dance, our many thanks to the inimitable Molly McKasson for "The Naked Dance Committee" (April issue).

True to her style, Molly looked more penetratingly and personally into the people that make up the program than, say, a PR salesperson might have done. We enthusiastically appreciate Molly's

restless probing in our midst. (Incidentally, [a clarification]: Melissa and Jory, not Doug, are married—together).

John M. Wilson, Ph.D., Professor and Chairman  
Fine Arts Committee on Dance

## Back When Tucson Was A Fun Town

[Re: letter from Betsy Bolding in April issue wondering if anyone remembered Walt's Silver Room on South Plumer.]

Milo "Walt" Walters ran the Silver Room in the early '50s. He is deceased. I knew him for many years as well as all the other bars and bartenders in

the late '40s and early '50s. That's when Tucson was a fun town. My feelings about Tucson now are reflected in my address.

Charles H. Kline  
Montaña Ranch ("no phone at this cowcamp")  
Arivaca, Arizona

*We love to hear from you, whether to compliment or complain. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and clarity. Sign your letters and include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to City Magazine, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.*



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By *John Dyke*

## HOWDY



Howdy,

If there's one thing that has caused a lot of frustration around this office over the last eighteen months it has to be reproductive rights. More precisely, the right to decent print reproduction. *City Magazine* has come to be known as Tucson's big, bold, black and white monthly. Big? Yes. Bold? Certainly. Black and white? Well, generally more black than white, and I'm not talking about our sometimes dark, nasty and cold-blooded (sigh) editorial material. What I am talking about is ink. While the paper we've been using may have felt nice and smooth to the touch, it had a powerful thirst and tended to soak up too much ink, making it difficult for our good-looking photographs (especially mine) to fight their way out of the darkness. Well, while we want to remain a wild and unruly animal, subject to fits of madness or distemper depending on how you look at it, we all agree that hard work deserves at least a decent presentation, so we opted for a slick paper upon which to clearly present Southern Arizona's Heart of Darkness. Do not fear—the paper may be slick, but we'll remain as rough as a lizard's back.

So here we are, black and white and clear and all dressed up for a hot summer trot.

Iggy

P.S. Just in from *The Tombstone Epitaph*: A "repulsive...ugly" iguana hitched a ride from Mexico to Tombstone in an RV, and has been adopted by a local seventh-grade class, and nicknamed "Iggy." The kids marched with Iggy in a townwide "All Pets Parade" and got an award for most unusual pet. But Marlene Smith, 14, says Iggy "gives me the creeps."

Look kids, once you have an iguana you never go back. You'll see.

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All available back issues can be obtained at  
**Bookman's**, Arizona's largest bookstore.  
1930 East Grant Road, at Campbell. 325-5767.





### Fifth Annual Tucson Summer Arts Festival

See our regular calendar listings for festival events. The

Tucson Summer Arts Festival is a production (no doubt about it) of the Metropolitan Tucson Convention & Visitors Bureau and the University of Arizona Fine Arts and Summer Session. Sponsored by Hotel Park Tucson and America West Airlines. Press and media information, call 624-1817; ticket info, 621-1162. Festival box office, University Theatre is open Mon.-Fri., 1-5 p.m. Tickets also available at Dillard's, and TCC outlets. Parking is free and generally available every evening after 5 p.m. and on weekends at UA campus. Take the time and call first so you don't end up yelling at us if their schedules have gone haywire. And enjoy.

### Etherton Gallery Closing June 4

Entitled "Three Tucson Artists." Cynthia Miller, Linda Fry Poverman and Michael Ber- man display varied works on paper. A grab bag of multi-media surprises. Last chance to visit Etherton's—they close



Linda Fry Poverman, "From The D Series, IX," 1986. Vandyke print with Prismacolor and Acrylic.. Part of "Three Tucson Artists," at the Etherton Gallery through June 4.

## JUNE'S CHOICE

for the summer. Wed.-Sat., noon-5 p.m., Thur. 'til 7 p.m. 424 E. 6th St. 624-7370.

### Waterlogged June 8-Summer

Attention swimmers: All city pools open today to cool you down during the sizzling summer months, so put your suits to use and visit your neighborhood waterhole. Be sun-smart and remember to use your sun-screen in the skin cancer capital of the world. Pools open from noon-6 p.m. Register for synchronized and competitive swim leagues. You could be the new Esther Williams. Info, 791-4245.

### Creative Juices June 13-30

What's hotter than liquified asphalt, roiling and bubbling at the intersection of Speedway and Swan in June—and fun to boot? Summer art

### Women's Roundtable June 14

Rene Allen, M.D., discusses Pre-Menstrual Syndrome, a great source of distress for women (and the men they live with). Don't miss out on vital information concerning the symptoms and diagnosis of PMS, as well as the latest research and treatment trends. This might save your and your loved ones' sanity. Radisson Suite Hotel, 7 p.m. General \$10; members \$5. Info, 299-6626.

### Juneteenth June 17, 18

The annual celebration of the Emancipation Proclamation and the march of the Union troops into Texas includes music, drama, arts and crafts, and a slew of ethnic foods at the Vista del Pueblo Center and Park. Boogie 'til your legs give out. Sponsored by Tucson Parks & Recreation, A-Mountain/Vista Del Pueblo

Community, and Pima Community College. Fri., 3 p.m.-midnight; Sat., noon-midnight. Free. Info, 791-4355.

### Dinnerware Cooperative Through June 19

Third annual juried exhibition features work in all media from artists living in Arizona, California, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada and Utah. A lively show. June 4 reception 7-9 p.m. 135 E. Congress St. Hours, noon-5 p.m., Tues.-Sat.; 1-4 p.m., Sun. Info, 792-4503.

### Opera Theater June 24, 26

Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is presented in English. The story of the legendary Spanish lover, Don Juan, a gallant libertine whose habitual pursuit of the ladies and unconventional conduct upset the queen and land him in jail. Everyone knows a Don Juan, don't they? One of the greatest operas ever written. Don't miss. Conducted by Larry Day. June 24 at 8 p.m. June 26 at 3 p.m. UA Centennial Hall. Reserved Seating. Part of the Summer Arts Festival. Tickets \$6 general; \$4 UA students, seniors. Info, 621-1162.

### Saguaro Harvest Workshop June 26

Travel to a traditional Tohono O'odham saguaro camp and

learn about the work involved in picking saguaro fruits and the tools used. Turn these cacti into edibles for your next summer bash. From 6:30-11 a.m. Fry bread, saguaro syrup, cholla buds and cold drinks will be offered. Pre-registration required. Sponsored by the Tucson Botanical Gardens. \$26 general, \$22 members. Info, 326-9255.

### Soviet Masters June 28

In the tradition of the 1987 Festival Performance, the Balalaika & Domra Association of America and the Summer Arts Festival present three award-winning Ukranian artists in concert. Playing the bayan, the balalaika and the domra, this trio will deliver tunes like you've probably never heard. Not familiar with these instruments? That's why we have shows like this. A seminar will be held at 11 a.m. in UA Crowder Hall. \$6 general; \$4 students, seniors. Reserved seating. Info, 621-1162.

### Crisis Group

Sponsored by Divorce Recovery. A group for people in the first stages of divorce. Take your broken heart to the Catalina Baptist Church, 1900 N. Country Club on Monday evenings at 7:30 p.m. and join others on the mend who're suffering as much as you. You might open up a whole new world. Free. Info, 881-1794.



# Let's Hear it for Tucson!



Whatever makes you happy—fine arts, entertainment or just plain gettin' together—TCC is your cheerleader. Where else this month could you find such a diverse blend of joy, from dance to rock to religion? We've got so much going on that you'll have to pardon our dust while we're making room for more—more fun, more visitors, more things to cheer about.

## Tucson Convention Center

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### EVENTS

**June 1**  
Jewish Federation Play

**June 4**  
Sunshine Ministries Meeting

**June 4**  
Spotlight Dance Recital

**June 4 & 5**  
Tucson School of Ballet

**June 5**  
Letecia's Dance Recital

**June 7**  
Agape Dance Center Recital

**June 8**  
Creative Arts Center Recital

**June 8**  
INXS Concert

**June 9**  
Double C Dance Recital

**June 10**  
Desert West Dance Recital

**June 10**  
Sue Crandall Dance Recital

**June 11**  
Boston Dance Education  
Center Performance

**June 12**  
France Academy  
Dance Recital

**June 16 - 19**  
Jehovah Witness Convention

**June 18**  
Mr. & Mrs. Grand Canyon  
Competition

**June 23**  
Kenny Rogers Concert

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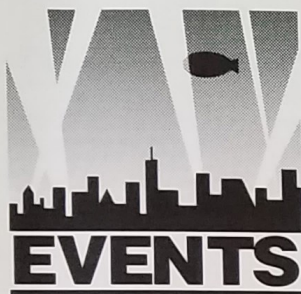


## WHERE TO HOWL

### IT'S A DATE!

(But you gotta be on time!)

If you want an event, program, etc. listed in **Where to Howl**, information must be submitted in writing six weeks before the first day of the month of publication (for instance, by May 18 for a July listing). **Choice** and **Where to Howl** are a selective guide by *City Magazine*. Mail to Laura Greenberg, Calendar Editor, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718. Info, 293-1801.



#### Senior Splashes

June 2

Summer swim program for those on the plus side of 50. Eight-week program includes lessons, aquacize and free swimming. Keep your arteries plaque-free while cooling off from high temps. Registration (\$5 fee) June 2; classes run from June 6-Aug. 5. Plenty of get-acquainted parties, too. Tucson Parks and Recreation. Info, 791-4865.

#### Life Enrichment Series

June 2, 9, 16, 23

Tucson Medical Center hands out hints in their quest to keep or get you in good health. June 2, Patrick Price, M.D., discusses infant care for new parents; June 9, Sandra Gaskill, psychotherapist, and Cyndi Gregorie, occupational therapist, provide info for parents struggling to survive the turbulent teens; June 16, Ginny Phillips, TMC R.N., lectures on accident prevention for kids; June 23, Mary Cameron, TMC R.N., fills you in on the finer points of disciplining your toddler with love. Sheraton El Conquistador at 7:30 p.m. Free. Info, 327-5461, ext. 5070.

#### Healing Arts

June 2, 9, 16, 30

Stuck in the '60s? Venture into new-age concepts at the Desert Institute of the Healing Arts open forum series. June 2, Judy Ross discusses the "therapeutic touch"; June 9, Mary Crawford, R.N., gets past the jargon and tells you what biofeedback really is;

June 16, Ron and Tina Chandler explain why colonics are healthy; June 30, Karen Bobal-Groff discusses midwifery and home births. Free at 7 p.m. 639 N. Sixth Ave. Info, 882-0899.

#### Afro-Jazz Classes

June 3

Barbea Williams (if you've never seen her dance, you've missed the true meaning of grace under pressure) Performing Company is offering its summer dance session, an eight-week workout in Dunham Technique, tap, Afro-Cuban, ballet, and Afro-Brazilian. You'll give up aerobics for this. All classes at the historic "Y", 738 N. 5th Ave. Reservations and info, 628-7785.

#### The Children's Miracle

June 4

Tucson's own version of the Jerry Lewis Telethon, but this benefits sick kids in Tucson Medical Center's children's unit. Starts 6 p.m. and ends 3 p.m., June 5th. Turn the telly on (KVOA-4) and pledge some cash to a worthy cause. Info, 327-5461, ext. 5982.

#### Bound for Heaven

June 7

Continuing their UA Faculty Lecture Series, J. Roger Angel, UA astronomy professor, takes you higher with the lowdown on "Astronomy and Life." Do nearby stars like the sun have planets like the earth that support life? Searches for radio signals from extraterrestrial civilizations have been unsuccessful (we've been told). Find out why. Head toward UA Arizona Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium, Room 2600, at 7:30 p.m. Question-and-answer session follows. Free. Info, 621-1856.

#### Iggy's Natural Habitat

Beginning June 11

A slew of classes are being offered for kids at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. Some titles include "Desert Ecology," "Toadwatch" and "Predator and Prey." Iggy says to enroll your children so they can understand where he comes from. This'll make an instant native out of anyone. Pre-registration required, by mail or in person only. Info on times and prices, 883-1380, ext. 253.

#### African Drum and Dance

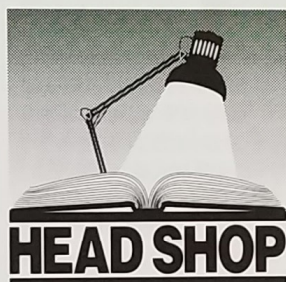
Through June 24

Hate disco music and the throbbing lights that go with it? Try out traditional African

dance on Fridays (6-8 p.m.) at the Tucson Moving Center, Inc., 260 E. Congress. \$32 for four sessions or \$10 a drop-in session. Special student rates. Info, 792-4875.

#### Desert Discovery Days Through June

Tohono Chul Park is providing children with unique ways to learn about plants, animals, geology and peoples of the desert. June 6-10, 8-10 a.m. for 4- and 5-year-olds and a parent; June 13-17, 8-10 a.m. for kindergarten and 1st grade; June 20-24, 8-10 a.m. for 2nd, 3rd and 4th grade. Class size is limited and members' kids given first priority. \$15 fee; \$10 park members. Parents are requested to remain on Park grounds during classes. Info, 742-6455.



#### At the Zoo

June 1-30

Celebrate National Zoo and Aquarium Month at Reid Park Zoo. Activities include, "Reid Me a Story," weekend slide shows, caring for exotic animals and elephant training. Trainers on hand to answer questions about our Ponderous Pachyderms, a 19-year-old Asian elephant and more. Great place to visit when you're sick of Homo sapiens. Plenty of shade, too. Adm. charge. Info, 791-4860.

#### Fly-By-Night

June 1-Aug. 21

Described as a 360-degree film, "The Great Barrier Reef," filmed in Australia, fills the planetarium with the sounds and sights of the land down under. In the second part of their double-header, view stars in the Southern Hemisphere in "Land of the Southern Cross." In UA Flandrau Auditorium. Adm. \$3.75 adults; \$3.00 seniors, students, children. Info on times, 621-STAR.

#### Love Songs

June 3

Neil Sedaka, ooh-babee, a favorite crooner with those past the baby boom years in a benefit concert for the Heart Foundation. Be a good heart

Mary Lou Thompson

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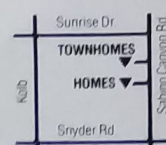
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## WHERE TO HOWL

and go. Proceeds to the Heart Foundation. Tickets, \$18 and are (here's incentive) tax-deductible. TCC at 8 p.m. Premium tickets featuring a pre-concert reception available. Info, 795-1232.

### Dance Recital

June 5

Don't miss lean 'n' mean legs in the Tucson Dance Academy's annual recital, "Broadway Bound." Featured in the show will be the Dans-West Performing Group, who'll soon be whipping across the ocean to the Soviet Union as our goodwill ambassadors. At UA Centennial Hall. Ticket & time info, 886-9155.

### Tucson Friends of Traditional Music

June 4, June 18

Step to a different beat and go contra dancing (no relation to south-of-the-border politics). Originated by colonists, the dance has English, Irish and Scottish roots. There's a half-hour instructional before dance-time begins. Git your feet flying and your mouth smiling to lively jigs, reels, polkas and waltzes. June 4, Lohse YMCA, 516 N. 5th Ave. at 7:30 p.m. June 18, Armory Park Recreation Center, 22 S. 5th Ave. at 8 p.m. TFTM members \$2; non-members \$3. Info, 881-7030.

### Distinguished Artists Series

June 15, Professor Lois

Choksy, from the University of Calgary, shares the Kodaly methodology of music education. She'll discuss how to teach music in the 20th century. No mean feat in these days of rock 'n' roll.

June 22, Sylvia Wallach, independent music educator, brings years of teaching experience to her discussion of the experimental approach to integrating music and arts education into the elementary core curriculum.

June 29, Music professor Edwin E. Gordon of Temple University is one of America's leading researchers in the psychology of music. UA Crowder Hall. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. Info, 621-1162.

### Tubac Golf Classic

June 26

Tubac's not only for artists and their customers, but also the place for the Tubac Golf Classic, sponsored by their volunteer fire department. So hurry and register 'cause slots go fast. Practice rounds begin on June 24 for this 18-hole, 3-person scramble—30% of combined handicap. All pro-

ceeds benefit Tubac Fire Department, Citizens for Emergency Care and St. Mary's burn unit. \$35 individual, \$105 team. Tax-deductible. Swing your club out of town for a day. Info on registration, 1-398-2255.

### Titan Missile Museum

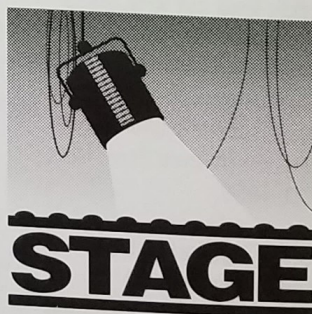
Want to visit a monument to the Cold War? Guided tours of the deactivated (we hope) Titan missile complex and silo are conducted daily from 9 a.m. 'til 4 p.m. Take I-19 to exit 69, turn right, and it's a half-mile west. Signs point the way. Tours last an hour. Warning: Don't wear heels—the 55 steps are steep. Ticket range \$4-\$2. Info, 791-2929.

### Infoline

How many Iggy's live in Pima County? In 1914 how many folks lived in the Old Pueblo? If you're itchin' to ask questions and get answers, these folks will do it cheerfully. You can almost see the smile on the other end of the line. Sponsored by the Tucson Public Library. Call 791-4010.

### Go To the Dogs

It's hot out. You're sick of your VCR and tired of movie theaters. Wander to a magical place where quick, slender dogs chase a plastic rabbit. Lose your shirt or make a killing. Enjoy food, drink and the war cries of tense bettors. Will man's best friend save or ruin you at Tucson Greyhound Park? Race time info, 884-7576.



### a.k.a. theatre co.

June 2-18

"Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers!" Written by Firesign Theatre, an absurd comedy by the underground masters. With a title like this, how can you resist? Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. Tickets \$6, \$5 with bozo nose. 125 E. Congress. Curtain, 8 p.m. Info, 623-7852.

### World Cinema

Looking for a film that you have to think about? If the heat's fried your brain, restore it here and sound film-smart.

June 3, Early films by Great Directors. The program includes works by Jean Renoir, Luis Buñuel, Jean Vigo and Maya Deren.

June 10, "Open City." Italy, 1945, Roberto Rossellini.

June 17, "The Seventh Seal." Sweden, 1956, Ingmar Bergman.

June 24, "Ballad of a Soldier." USSR, 1959, Grigori Chukrai. All screenings Friday at 7:30 p.m. in UA Modern Languages Auditorium. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival. \$2 for all. Info, 621-1162.

### "Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" Closing June 5

The music and lyrics of Jacques Brel cut through the range of human emotions and they'll make you glad you're alive and well and living in the Old Pueblo. Production conception, English lyrics and additional material by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. The Invisible Theatre. Curtain, 8 p.m. Tickets, \$9 general; \$8 students & seniors. 1400 N. 1st Ave. 882-9721.

### Tucson Jazz Society

Tucson Jazz Society's 4th Annual Summerset Suite 88 features local and national jazz artists.

June 5, Tucson Jazz Orchestra, an 18-piece big band composed of local jazz musicians under the direction of Jeff Haskell.

June 12, Tenor saxophonist Pete Christlieb, a long-time member and principal soloist with the Tonight Show Orchestra, with the Tucson Jazz Society All-Star Trio, consisting of Jeff Haskell, Jack Wood and Fred Hayes.

June 19, "Jazzberry Jam" features traditional jazz with Tom Ervin on trombone and Mike Porter on clarinet.

June 26, "A Band Called Sam," including special surprise guests, blues recording artists, and local hero Sam Taylor brings his big band to the summertime stage. Part of the Tucson Summer Arts Festival at 7 p.m. in TMA's Plaza of the Pioneers. \$4 general; \$2 Tucson Jazz Society members. All artists subject to change. Info, 621-1162.

### Starlit Nights

June 5, 12, 19

Kick back, bring a blanket and a friend and drift off to the sounds of the Tucson Pops Orchestra at 7:30 p.m. DeMeester Outdoor Performance Center in Reid Park. Free. Info, 791-4079.



**Freedom-Arizona  
Play Festival  
June 7**

The Invisible Theatre celebrates the Bicentennial of the Constitution, featuring one-act plays centering on the theme of freedom. Winners of the '87 New Play Contest for Arizona Playwrights perform staged readings with script in hand and minimal props. Elaine Romero's "Smashed" is the June entry. Tickets, \$3 general; \$2 season subscribers. Curtain, 8 p.m. 1400 N. 1st Ave. 882-9721.

**Musical Benefit  
June 10**

Traditional folk music from around the world. Local musicians Mimi Haggerty and Jan Irvine play guitar, dulcimer, harpsichord, autoharp and sing in the earthy surroundings of the Tucson Botanical Gardens. Bring someone you love. \$6 general; \$5 members at 2150 N. Alvernon at 8 p.m. B.Y.O. soft drinks. Info, 326-9255.

**Southern Arizona  
Symphony Orchestra  
June 12**

S.A.S.O.'s 60-member, all-volunteer army of musicians present music from the Baroque and Classical periods. 3 p.m. at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Info, 795-9915 or 621-1162.

**UA Faculty Concerts  
June 13, 18**

Dr. Keith Johnson performs on the French horn at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall. \$6 general; \$4 seniors, UA students. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Info, 621-1162.

**UA Resident Theatre  
June 16-July 9**

Presenting James Goldman's "The Lion in Winter." Tale of the powerful and passionate love/hate relationship between King Henry II and his dispossessed Queen Eleanor. The snag? Their sons' jealous rivalries threaten to tear the kingdom apart.

**June 19-July 9**

"Present Laughter," by Noel Coward is the very wicked story of a shimmering stage-struck young woman who sneaks into the apartment of a very popular and very married actor. When they're surprised by his very jealous wife, well, that's where this comedy begins.

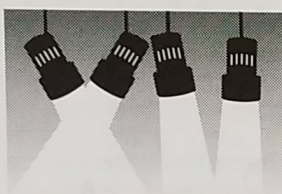
**June 23-July 10**

"Joe Egg," an original play by Peter Nichols that transforms a young couple's heartbreak

into vaudeville. How else can you present the nuptial arrangement? All plays are part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival** and take place in UA University Mainstage Theatre. Reserved seating. Info on times, tickets and performance dates, 621-1162.

**Community Theatre  
Production  
June 23-25**

Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" in the open air of Reid Park at the DeMeester Performance Center sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation Community Theatre. Production at 7:30 p.m. A chance to reacquire yourself with the Master. And don't forget your edibles, blankets and Cliff Notes. Info, 791-4079.



**Amerind Foundation  
Through June**

An exhibit of Hopi works on paper, emphasizing watercolors of the Old West. Includes Otis Polelonema, who began the Hopi watercolor tradition in the '20s.

**Through June**

"Navajo Ways" displays the arts and crafts of the Navajo tribe, featuring objects from the Amerind permanent collection. Included are textiles, silverwork, ceramics and watercolors. It's a mixed bag; most of the work on view dates back decades. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

**Art Network**

Representing Luis Jimenez, Louis Carlos Bernal, Santiago Vaca, Fernando Joffory, Alfred Quiroz, Cristina Cardenas. Plus "wearable art," avant-garde bola ties, jewelry and gonzo T-shirts with social comments and more. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

**Davis Gallery**

**June 1-Oct. 10**

Featuring contemporary painting and works on paper by regional artist. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-

4p.m. 6812 N. Oracle Rd. 297-1427.

**El Presidio Gallery, Inc.  
June 1-30**

Gary Kolter's southwestern acrylics turn paintings into trick-of-the-eye, photo-realistic visions of birds, books, artifacts, etc. Also, Santos Barbosa's western historical paintings. 182 N. Court Ave. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-4 p.m. 884-7379.

**Impressions II Gallery  
Through June**

They've remodeled and expanded and there's now about 2,800 sq. feet of viewing space for the nitty-gritty of southwestern contemporary paintings and other artwork. They frequently display R.C. Gorman, Jack Eggman and Jerry Cajko. 11 a.m.-5 p.m., Mon.-Sat. Info, 323-3320.

**Ground Zero Gallery  
Closing June 10**

Philip Estrada's paintings include shrines made of mannequins and objects collected over the years, e.g., snakeskins, dolls, glass, skulls, fur and more. See how bizarre translates into art. Kathleen Pearson's themes are a bit more mainstream—Florida scenes to modern heroes like Howdy Doody, Elvis Presley and King Kong, all in a whirl of bright colors. Tues.-Fri., noon-4 p.m.; Thurs., 5-8 p.m. and by appt. 222 E. Congress. Info, 624-5106.

**Oasis Gallery  
Through July 4**

The season's changed and so have their artists for the spring/summer show. A. Gabaldon's copper figurative sculptures and Myrna Goetz's acrylic abstract paintings. Part of the Tucson Community Cable Corporation. 124 E. Broadway. Tues.-Sat., 1-10 p.m. Sun., noon-8 p.m. 624-9833.

**Obsidian Gallery  
June 4-25**

Ceramic vessels by Wesley Anderegg, well-known for his meticulously crafted raku pottery (clay fired primitively and glazed with copper salts). New works include his carved platters and vessels in pastels and earthtones. Watch out—pink and gray will soon be our state colors. A place where art is whimsical. 4340 N. Campbell, Suite 90. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 577-3598.

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**Jazz Jam!** An outdoor evening of great jazz at Westward Look's Sports Park from 5-9 p.m. featuring W.C. Clark, Big Pete Pearson & Sam Taylor! (\$5 at the Sports Park)

### SUNDAY, JULY 3RD

**Jazz Jam II!** More great jazz from 5-9 p.m. Featuring the Michael Reed Quartet, Curtis Stovall & Brian Bromberg (\$5 at the Sports Park)

### MONDAY, JULY 4TH\*

**New England Clambake & Fireworks!** A feast of mussels, clams, beer, wine, and all your favorite trimmings, with live music and a fantastic fireworks display served up on the Vigas Lawn from 7-9 p.m. (\$30 per person, inclusive)

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## WHERE TO HOWL

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### Old Pueblo Museum Through July 10

Five centuries ago artist and scientist Leonardo da Vinci conceived of a car, a helicopter and a military tank. Working models of these vehicles are on view, based on sketches and drawings of aeronautical, mechanical and hydraulic devices found in Da Vinci's notebooks. See how far ahead of his time he was. Sponsored by IBM. At Foothills Mall. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

### Philabaum Gallery & Studios

Watch cheeks bloat and blow beautiful and colorful large off-hand (the technical term) sculptures in glass. Different artists' works on view. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. or by appt. 711 S. 6th Ave. 884-7404.

### Phoenix Art Museum Through June 16

Not much is worse than the

drive to Phoenix in summer. But make an exception and view approximately 40 Georgia O'Keefe paintings from some lucky person's private collection. Further details not available at presstime. Adm. charge. Info, 1-257-1880.

### Rosequist Galleries

Fine contemporary Southwest art, traditional and innovative, by a rotation of gallery artists—over 7,500 square feet of visual feast. Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 1615 E. Fort Lowell Rd. 327-5729.

### Saguaro Gallery Through June 15

They're hosting the Southwestern League of Fine Arts—a juried show with 20 artists displaying oils, pastels, batik, photography and mixed media.

**Opening June 16-30** Works by gallery artists will deck the walls in myriad media. Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 11050 E. Tanque Verde. 749-2152.

### Tohono Chul Park Closing June 6

Desert paintings by Diane Redhair.

### June 3-July 17

Entitled "Pictorial Art of the

Huichol." Unique yarn paintings by the Huichol Indians.

### June 8-Aug. 1

Prints by George Elbert Bow. Daily, 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. 7300 N. Paseo del Norte. Adm. charge. 742-6455.

### Tucson Museum of Art June 5

Last chance to see the "The James G. Davis Retrospective." Hailed as one of the foremost artists in Arizona, Davis' new-image paintings are figurative in style, not quite abstract, but hardly surrealistic. Davis has received national attention and recently was added to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the National Gallery of Art in Washington and others. Pop downtown and see for yourself.

### Opening June 18-Aug. 13

Entitled "Emerging Artists Series I." The works of contemporary Arizona artists including Kevin Sloan, Alan Huerta, Liisa Smith (formerly Liisa Phillips) and Carlton Bradford. All we know is that there are gallons of wild colors with wild themes on wild canvases.

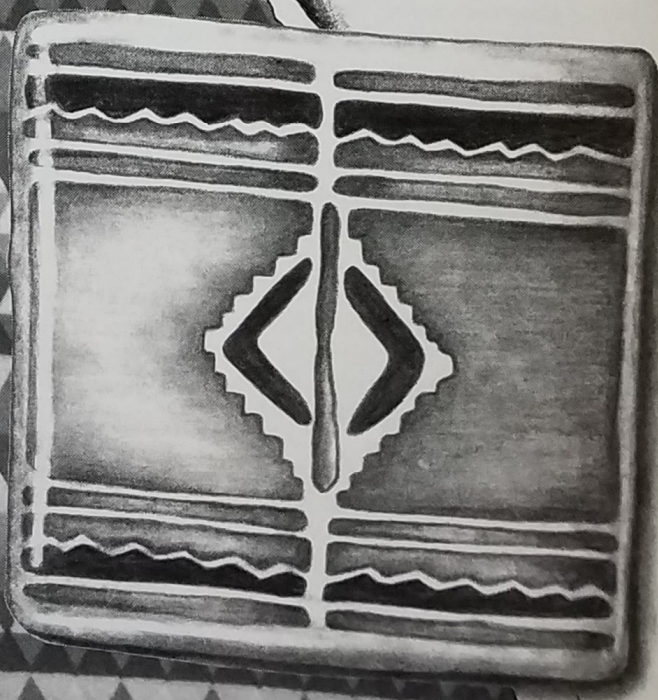
### Opening June 18-Aug. 13

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**UA Hall of Fame Gallery**  
**June 8-Aug. 4**  
Featuring photos of the Tohono O'odham since 1976 by Tony Celentano. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Regular Student Union Bldg. hours. 621-3546.

**UA Joseph Gross Gallery**  
**Closing June 6**  
Part I: Small Sculpture Invitational: Works by Women. Should be a hall of surprises.  
**Opening June 8-July 6**  
Part II: Small sculpture Invitational: Works by Women. More surprises. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Info, 621-7570.

**UA Museum of Art**  
**Through July 3**  
"Art Across America: Teachers and Their Students." A study in influence featuring

paintings, murals, sculpture, drawings, etc., by college art teachers and their students. Includes works from out-of-state colleges.

**Through July 3**  
"Florence Putterman: Paintings and Monoprints." Recent works by this Pennsylvania artist, heavily influenced by Native American petroglyphs and ceremonies of the Southwest. See how an Easterner views the West. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Noon-4 p.m. on Sun. 621-7567.

**UA Rotunda Gallery**  
**June 10-Aug. 6**  
UA fine arts graduate Gary Swimmer's abstract paintings in acrylic and oil. "A sensuous journey through the eyes of a romantic man of the '80s." Info, 621-1414.

**UA State Museum**  
**Through Aug. '88**  
"Building for a Century: Historic Architecture at the University of Arizona." Every picture tells the story of the rampant development and growth of our university. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 2-5 p.m. Free. Info, 621-6302.

**UA Union Gallery**  
**June 8-Aug. 4**  
Featuring the "Realm of Perceptions: Works by Six Western Artists," Mary Ann Bonjouini, Rob Gischer, Maggie Keane, John Komisar, Meryl Poticha and Andree Richmond. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Mon.-Fri., 10-4 p.m. Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. UA Student Union, main floor. 621-3546.

**Yuma Art Center**  
**Through June 26**  
This 22nd southwestern exhibition features 59 works by 53 Arizona artists. So if you're on your way to California, stop by and give this place a look. Plenty of Tucson entries. Jewelry, photos, mixed media, wood, oil pastels, fiber quilts, chalk on paper, etc. Info, 1-783-2314.

**Venture Fine Arts**  
A gallery that emphasizes representational and impressionistic art. Featured are Carolyn Norton (figures and still-lives in oil); Dan Bates (western bronze sculpture); and many others. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. and by appointment. 6541 E. Tanque Verde Info, 298-2258.

*Pertwinkles*



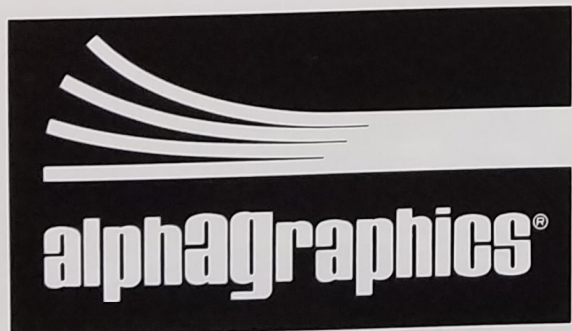
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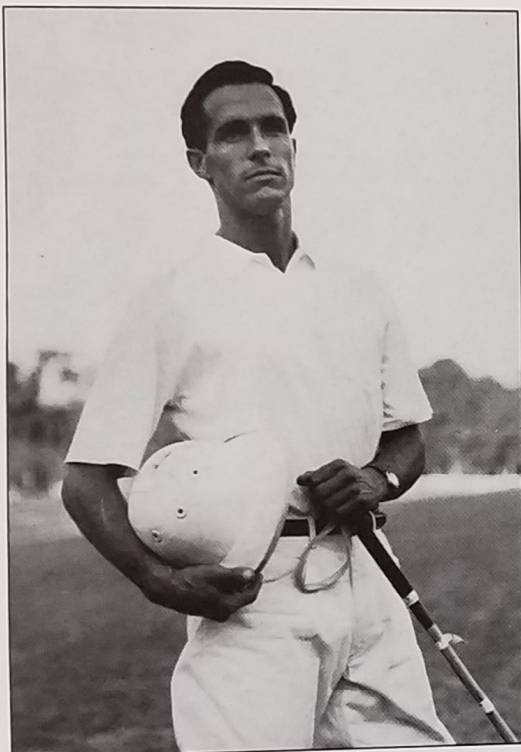
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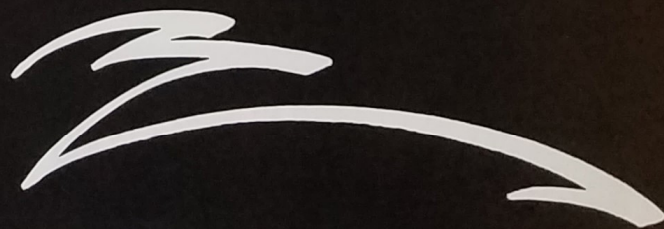
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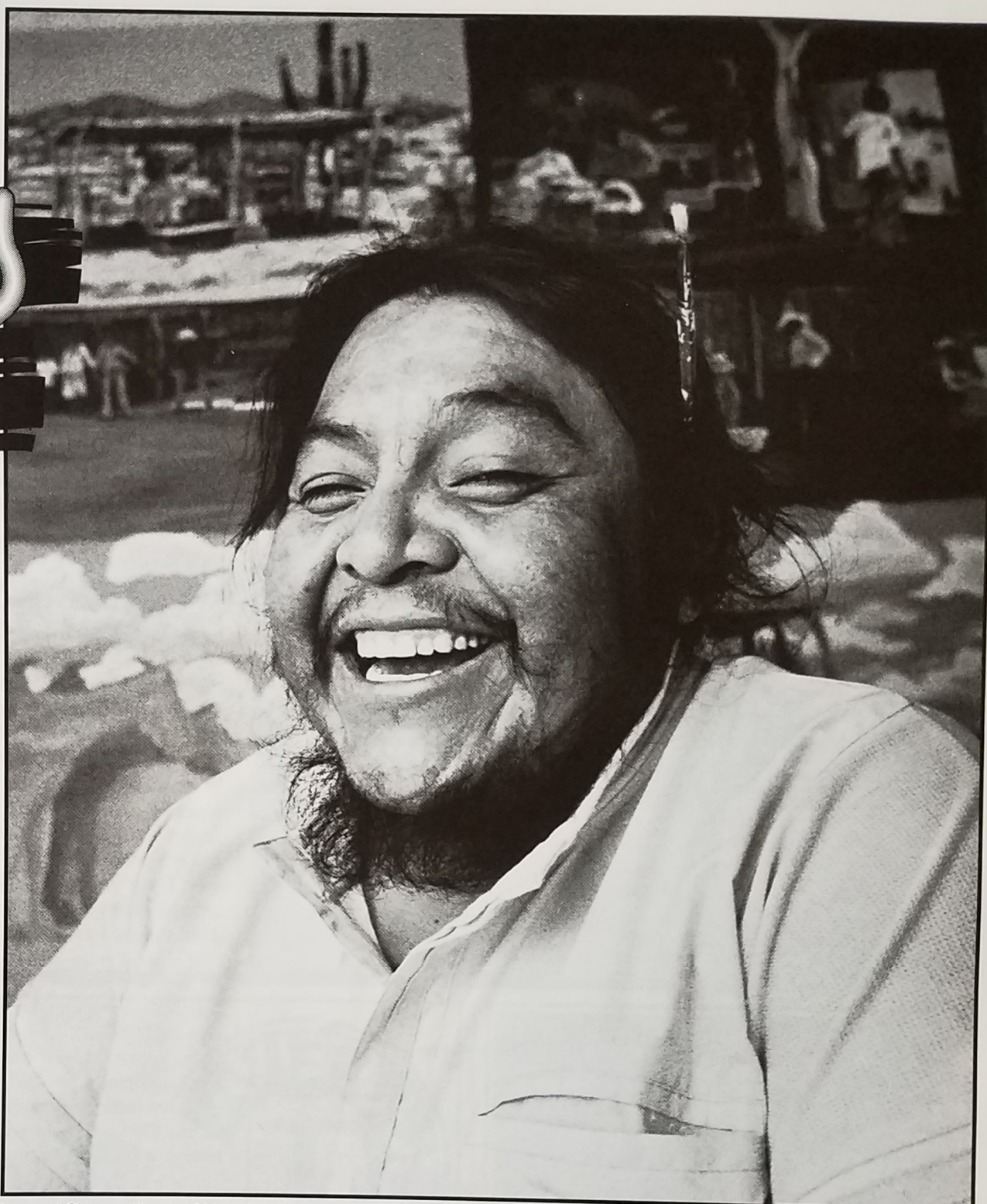
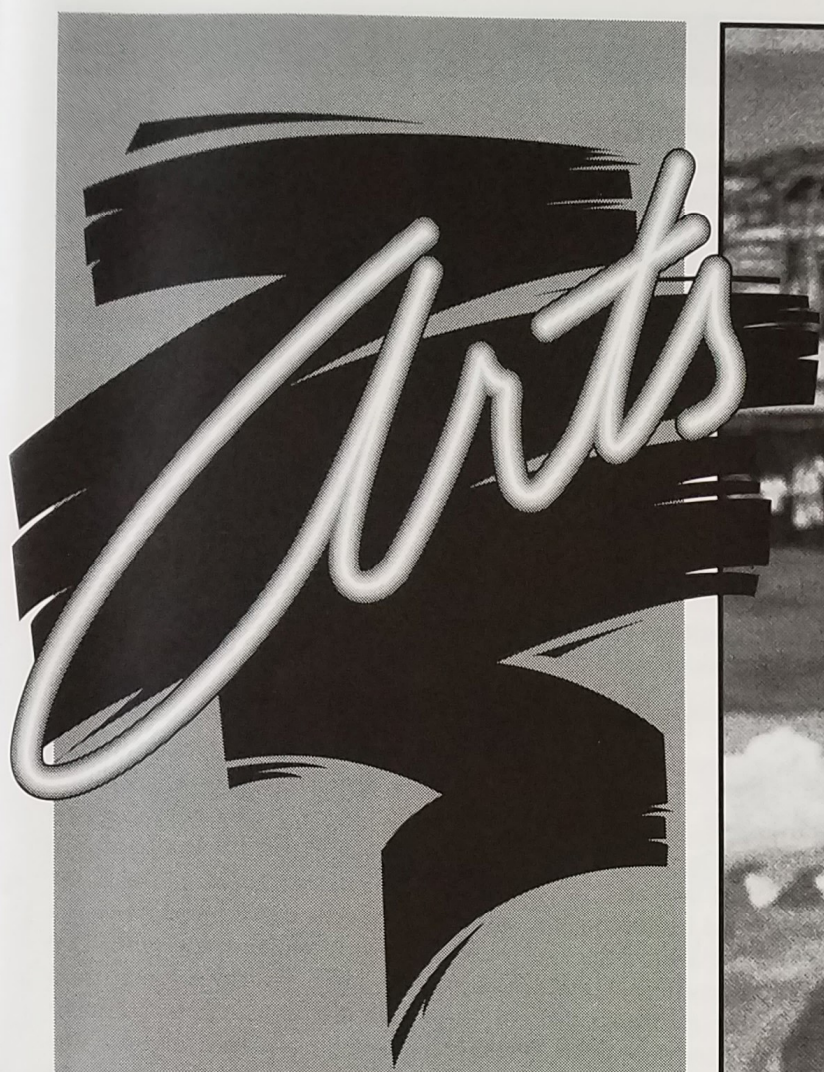
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Leonard Chana with one of his paintings.

Photo by Hal Gould

# THE MAN FROM BURNT SEED

BY MOLLY McKASSON

You don't know Leonard Chana and you don't much care. You've got bills and deadlines. Sex isn't what it used to be. And maybe worst of all, this beloved beautiful basin of ours is going to hell in a handbasket, no matter how many times we call Iris and David. It occurs to me when I see Leonard Chana's art that perhaps we are petitioning the wrong people. Perhaps we should try thinking backwards for a change, like Alice. Forwards is killing us. I am meditating on one of Leonard Chana's pictures: The people know just when to stop dancing by the number of stars in the sky. The people who know that, no matter what, the Earth is their Mother. Perhaps if I look long enough it will make a difference before it's too late. It's time to pay attention to the Reservation southwest of here.

Go back a little in time, when Tohono O'odham were called Papago. 1957. Kaij Mek. Thirty-eight miles northwest of Sells. The "rainy month" of *Jukia-big Mashad*. Saguaro harvest nearly in, cactus camps

breaking up, and the Fourth of July going on one-hundred and some miles northeast. I was swimming in a relay at the old Racquet Club—about where you park now to go into "that store" I doggedly call Levy's.

As I was pushing off from the wall, sinews bursting to beat the others, seven-year-old Leonard Chana could well have been galloping west of Kaij Mek ("burnt seed"), Santa Rosa—faster and faster away from the highway, 'til he lit in the middle of the driest nowhere—the heart of Tohono O'odham land. Not a drop of rain for two months. They carefully sip from their jug, and marvel at the field of *Hahshani* (saguaro). Their pleats growing deeper and deeper from thirst, even as the luscious scarlet fruits swell in their crowns. Still, hard, land of waking dreams, land of keen senses, where small boys share visions with the sky and the green. Drifting off, he can almost taste the sweet *Hahshani* syrup; imagine the rider collecting his mother's batch to ferment with the others in the round house; hear the



# ARTS

chant of *nawait* rituals, the laughter of playmates reunited, the steps of the elders, limping left over right, left over right like clouds; almost smell the sweet creosote right at the end of the songs as the elders promised, and the smell of the pine as he and his friends hide from the rain under the wagons.

A wind whips his hair due east, but his eyes hold fast to a double saguaro in the west. With a singeing green, it intertwines itself around his nerves. Some day it will uncoil in more than one of his pictures. As will the black mountains, their ridges echoing a vast and intimate depth. One day he'll teach himself perspective by inking in this spiraling space. As for the early morning hawk swooping down for the kill, that motion remains locked in his shoulders, until a man pushing forty dares to "go out on his imagination" and create a hovering new guardian for his people. Though he'll never be schooled, he'll learn to reach into his heart and make the invisible seen. He will learn technique from his own fiercely alive senses.

Today Leonard Chana is thirty-eight, and Sells a far cry away. As a child he believed the Tohono O'odham Maze Man was Etha, the supernatural being who built a maze

to protect his people. But this communal agrarian tribe has been manipulated by outsiders for three hundred years. He knows now Etha cannot protect him.

In the maze of life Leonard Chana has met serious obstacles—tribal disintegration, English-only teachers, alcoholism, hungry land developers, drugs and poverty. He has looked at his life. Five years ago, he could have kept on the path of reckless living, which was killing him. Instead he chose a life and a direct relationship with God.

Leonard Chana doesn't need our reviews and recognition. His creations, as he calls his artwork, have served his people well. The elders praise him for preserving a vanishing way of life. Having seen his work, I expected to find him living on the land, and not where a South Side street dead-ended into dirt near a platoon of white city dumpsters with I-10's relentless whirring close by. Just when I was thinking no one could create here, especially with no windows, I stepped over the threshold, and by the light of an inner courtyard beheld his creations.

They are not of this disjointed time and space. Paint brush or pen become wands for conjuring old wag-

ons and commitment to ancient traditions. Leonard's windows open into a world that was still whole in 1957. Very romantic stuff? In some ways. But not like your "Gallery Indian Art." No noble savages, pining maidens or heroic warriors. Here are people wearing jeans, caps, housedresses, scarves and plain over-blouses. Always with children nearby. They are doing things together—dancing, planting, harvesting, christening, blessing the ground. The sort of images our society lumps into primitive or naive categories on the supposed aesthetic grounds that the technique is "untutored." What I really think gets judged here is communal activity. We don't rank it very highly in our society. Putting the good of the group before oneself might even be considered a threat to our urban butcher-baker-candlestick-maker structure. The people in the artist's inner world are holding hands, and their legs and heads move about with ease. But the artist knows better than to get sentimental. He is searching to express a rightness of heart and mind, all the time not knowing if this harmony is possible in today's world.

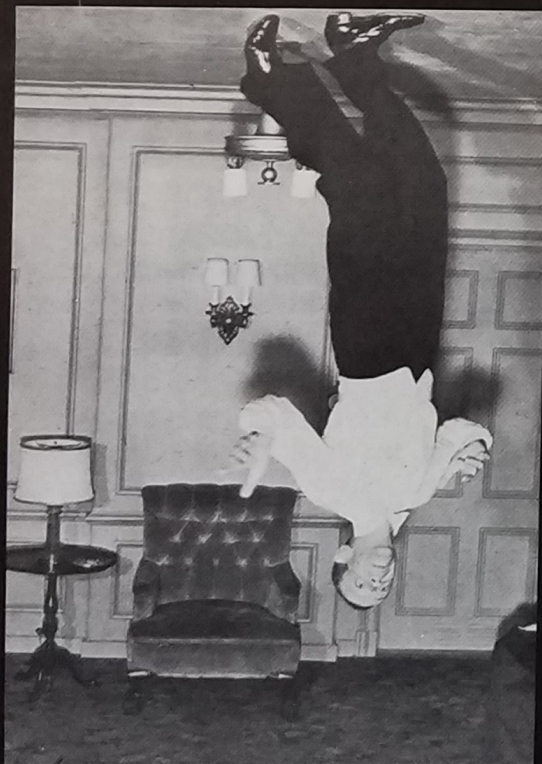
"I am living in the borderland, caught between the old and the new. That is who I am. I must never forget

who I came from, how to respect life, how to care for myself.... It makes me very sad to see my people grow away from each other, but I never paint to bring the old days back. That is not possible. I paint to remember.... I picture the old culture as if it was last year.... kids today come to their own conclusions, but remembering, having it in your heart, is the only way to pass it down.... The power still exists, it's just people don't know how to use it.... I go back now to Santa Rosa and colors of the childhood dream come back, and for a little while it is the same again...."

When his artwork began in '72, he did what people expected of "Indian Art"—guys in headdresses in front of teepees. He didn't do his people because they were Papago, not "Indian." The discovery of a personal style (there's no strong tradition of Tohono O'odham drawing) came slowly and painfully as he discovered who he was. It came in classrooms where he yearned to show children the beauty of their culture; it came in halfway houses where he saw himself and others vomiting and losing their identity forever.

Strong as the call was to create, dope and booze gave death the edge, until at a certain point in the Maze, in

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'82, he turned himself over to a Power higher than any culture. From a half-way house in Sells, he took home a Bible and the Tohono O'odham dictionary. The words don't exactly overlay, but the gist of the Golden Rule and the Traditional Way emerged the same. World views never coincide perfectly. What remains, no matter how one's culture and land are ripped off, is a remembering of oneself.

The borderland of Leonard Chana holds Jesus, Mother Earth, Hohokam flute players, wonders of acrylic paint—and most special to me, a unique style of pricking the blank space with umpteen tiny black dots.

Not to be confused with a black and white imitation of Seurat, it's pure Chana, gathering and letting blow as they will the grains of desert sand, the shifting of desert life.

"After four years of staying within the boundaries of my culture, I am starting to go out on my imagination.... If I had just been doing my ideas, the elders might question it, but they can do anything in my creations, as long as each day God gets the worst part of me out of the way.... In the end, it will all come from my culture.... So far it is good. I am able to share my life with people who share their life with me."

## PERFORMANCE ART

*Transvestite mermaid hooker from Atlantis  
and other art concerns*

BY PAUL FISHER

You don't like to be one of the crowd. You like excitement. You're eclectic. You have original thoughts. You do look at wine labels before you consider the price. So, have you experienced any performance art recently?

Yes, Tucson has its own small pantheon of performance art heroes and heroines. They are synthesizing and establishing new forms of expression that range from the beautiful to the horrific. And they rarely agree with each other as to what performance art is.

Here are a few elements we can disagree upon: Its media are multi; it

is often generated by the artist/performer, who doesn't need any qualifications; it can take place in any environment that can support human life.

Its audience, when it exists, is composed of three categories: 1. The "I don't like it" crowd. 2. The "I've seen it, survived, and now I love all of it" crowd, mostly other performance artists and international visitors who have little English. 3. The "Why is its quality so inconsistent?" crowd, true adventurers prepared to risk the banal, just to be sure they are in attendance when the works of genius take place.



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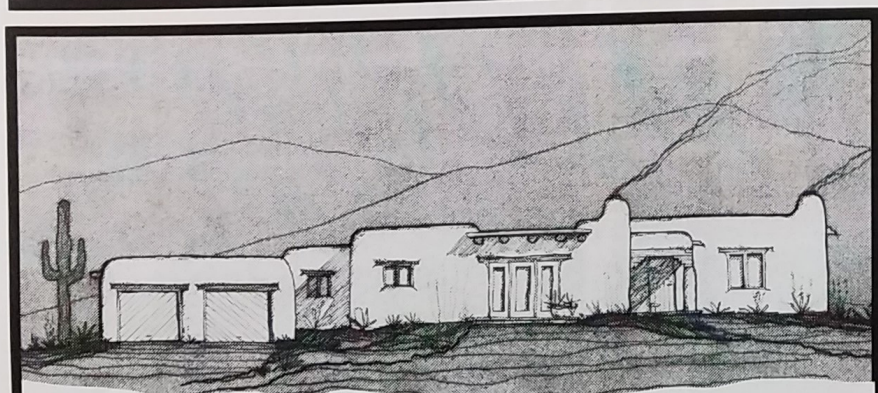


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ARTS

And how do I know this much? Because I am one. But, in order to authenticate the confusion, I called up a few other artists. If you know anything about this art in Tucson, you will certainly recognize the names Buckley, Baird and Williams, and not as a successful law firm in the El Presidio district.

Dennis Williams, recently accused of Satanism by those too blind to see, is currently awaiting trial on charges of littering leveled against one of his art works. He is commonly acknowledged to be the grandpappy of Tucson performance art. He considers pictures of Charlton Heston as Moses indicative of what's wrong with all other art. He thinks that the intellectual bias of education, with the mind disassociated from the body, is a contradiction. His work is "metallanguague." I have seen statements that he made naked, sporting a large black dildo and accompanied by dogs in Jockey shorts.

Imo Baird can be found accompanying his own works of fiction with strange, primitive dance gyrations, or, with a TV on his head, aptly impersonating "Mr. President." He is a little dink and is capable of hanging upside down in a chair and answering questions. He was studying dance and fic-

tion writing at the UA and chose to blend the two rather than choose between them. When asked to define performance art, he chanted, "What is it? What is it? What is it? What is it?"

Dan Buckley is Tucson's Walter Mitty of performance art. In his day-to-day existence, he is a columnist for the *Tucson Citizen* and a composer, but when possessed, we know him as Blind Lemon Pledge, an exquisitely phony lounge act, or accompanied by my crazed other self, he is a transvestite mermaid hooker from Atlantis (watch for our synchronized swimming display in the empty pool of the YWCA sometime this summer). He is also a little dink along with Imo and Craig Zingg. "West," his wonderful performance art opera, was thoroughly unappreciated by the local press, which gives him the feeling that he is doing something right. He is a prime mover in Tucson's performance art world and as such is probably wanted by the CIA and other private air-freight companies.

Now tell me. Are you concerned about sexually transmitted diseases? Well, then, would you be interested in a totally human-compatible, re-sterilizable, microwave-safe, sex-doll? Because Griffingfish demonstrate them. Sometimes Griffingfish is Griff

Goehring and yours truly. Sometimes it is plus others.

There is a possibility that you would rather go and see the latest, tremendously popular movie (which may disappoint you), than listen to a man hanging by hooks through his flesh, on ropes suspended from the ceiling. Listen to his pain, that is, transmitted from sensors on his body and electronically turned into sound. We all make bad choices. Or you could witness a breakthrough.

It's the luck of the draw. Keep your eye on the Tucson Museum of Art, or most of the art openings downtown.

I remember seeing Peter Gabriel do performance art in London eighteen years ago. Laurie Anderson and David Byrne did it. Richard Pryor and Lennie Bruce did it. The Marx Bros. and the Stooges weren't just comedy teams. They did performance art. In fact, if you've ever seen art or performance that transcended your previous experience, the chances are it was performance art, no matter what the ticket said.

*Paul Fisher is an artist who lives, performs and teaches in Arizona. He is an Artistic Associate for the Invisible Theatre and Project RAISE.*

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# CLASSICAL AZTEX-MEX

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

A lot of salsa has spilled over the dam in the ten years since Diana Kennedy's two landmark Mexican cookbooks, *The Cuisines of Mexico* and *Recipes from the Regional Cooks of Mexico*, appeared. The author, who went to Mexico as the wife of a correspondent for *The New York Times*, took an ambitious mission: convincing Gringolandia that Mexico is not just tacos, enchiladas and refried beans, but offers food as sophisticated, complicated, dramatic and diverse as France or China.

The books were reasonable commercial successes (they're still in publication today), but their impact on the *Norte Americano* culinary landscape has been about as great as the slicing techniques of Latvia. Our restaurant menus still groan with tacos, enchiladas and refried beans, and copies of Kennedy's books in home kitchens remain free of stains from a cook's consulting fingers. One reason is the large number of recipes that begin, "Start preparation a day in advance...."

There may be others. Kennedy is an outrageous snob. She scorns the simple but fiery Mexican food we border rats cherish. "Before you even order," she sniffs, "they put out, free of charge, dreadful little bowls of searing sauces and piles of 'tostada' chips.

Perhaps with good reason: you won't be able to taste what follows." C'mon, Di, lighten up.

Another is our lingering food conservatism: we're wary of the unfamiliar, no matter where it comes from. Your friendly food columnist is as guilty as anyone. Finally preparing to cook a Yucatán dinner from one of Kennedy's books, I noticed that the recipe requested "one pig's ear, diced." I don't know where to find a pig's ear, and I confess I didn't try. (Sure, I know that all kinds of sausages are full of pigs' ears, along with God-knows-what; Jimmy Dean didn't get where he is by throwing stuff away. I just can't deal with this on my own cutting board.)

Still another reason might be prejudice. I'm on a limb here, but I wonder if at some level even we sympathetic gringos look toward Latin America, with its pandemic confusion, corruption and mismanagement, and think: "How can a country that can't even rig its elections convincingly develop a world-class cuisine?" Well, funny thing: All over the globe, politically restless nationalities tend to have more interesting things to eat. Compare Italy with Switzerland, India with Australia, Mexico with Canada.

I think I know why this is true. Political turbu-





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## EAT

lence, even though uninvited, usually involves some sort of cultural exchange. War, revolution, occupation and imperialist aggression temporarily disrupt food supplies, but in the long run add richness and variety to nations' cuisines. (This is an observation, not an endorsement.) In Mexico's case, the Spanish conquest, the French occupation and the struggle to resist the advances of the monster to the north have all enriched its cuisine. As have all the Indian cultures that still exist, resisting being dissolved into the Mexican mainstream.

Apparently the Aztec Empire had developed a startlingly advanced cuisine by the time Cortes appeared. No doubt the peasants lived in hellish poverty (and continual fear of being sacrificed), but Moctezuma II and his court were extravagantly fed. In his memoir, *The Conquest of New Spain*, Bernal Díaz de Castillo recalled daily banquets of more than thirty dishes—turkey breasts smothered with a variety of mole sauces, red snapper with cucumber sauce, pink salmon with finely ground white onions and coarsely ground black pepper. The noblemen sat at table wearing spectacular dyed cotton wraps decorated with rare feathers and gold jewelry; the women paraded about in waist-length purple hair, teeth dyed pink and bare breasts tattooed with blue designs.

Does anyone believe that such a polychromatic bacchanal, four hundred years later, could have been distilled to tacos, enchiladas and refried beans?

Late last year an amiable but intense, balding, middle-aged man named Bill Altman took an expenses-paid business trip most of us would kill for. In three months he ate his way through Mexico, stopping at Guaymas, Chihuahua City, Zacatecas, Guadalajara, Mexico City, Puebla, Oaxaca, Veracruz and the Yucatán.

He recalls one disaster. "As you know, it's a misconception that Mexican food is always hot. It is a tangle of intricate flavors, but heat is not the predominant element.

"Anyway, at this one place I ordered *pulpo a la diablo* ('octopus of the Devil')—the name should have warned me—and I literally had the gag reaction. I asked the waiter what was in it. He said the sauce was pure, puréed *chile guajillo*, seeds and all. He sent it back, the kitchen rinsed it off, and they sautéed it in garlic for me."

Altman spent the three months fine-tuning the menu he already had developed in his role as chef de cuisine for Los Mayas, the new Mexican restaurant á la Diana Kennedy at St. Philip's Plaza in Tucson. It opened in March, and aside from some teething

problems with the service, it seems to be winning a roar of acclaim.

Not to disparage the honest and often delightful cooking of all the Sonoran-style places in town, but Los Mayas is what we've needed here for generations: a survey of the classic dishes of several different regions of Mexico, and proof that this really is one of the world's great cuisines.

Classical Mexican food (for want of a better term) is like the Spanish language: alive with nuances. A good example is the *Huachinango Veracruzano* on the menu at Los Mayas. I've cooked this relatively simple dish of red snapper, tomato, onion, garlic and olives at home before, and have been annoyed by its blandness. Altman agreeably ran down his ingredients with me, and we found we had parallel recipes but for one item: cinnamon.

Cinnamon! With garlic?

Altman and executive chef Donna Nordin both indulged me with patient smiles. "It's like some French sauces," said the Cordon Bleu-trained Nordin. "They seem just short of that spark of life, and then you add something like nutmeg."

Other improbable combinations at Los Mayas include *puerca con pina*, a stew of pork, pineapple, chile and pimento; *pescado nac cam*, a Yucatán dish of fish steamed in banana leaves with *anchiote* (a paste made from the hard, red seeds of the annatto tree), and *pan de cazon*, a kind of sandwich of layered tortillas, black beans and shark meat. Octopus appears in several forms, and Altman said Tucsonans are catching on. "We served octopus soup at Taste of Tucson (in April), and people kept coming over and saying, 'Is this where I get the octopus?'"

"Some people are put off by the rubbery texture they associate with octopus, but that's because they're used to the Japanese style of preparation. In the Mexican fashion, we cook it for about two hours, and it becomes very tender—almost like scallops."

Nordin, who along with partners Don Luria and Candace Grogan also oversees the nearby Cafe Terra Cotta, said they started Los Mayas because they saw a vacuum in Tucson—and because Altman, who is self-taught but had managed a resort in the Mexican state of Quintana Roo for a year—happened to come along at the right time. Nordin also observes—correctly, I think—that this city's taste buds rapidly are growing more adventurous and more demanding. The idea of spending fifty bucks on Mexican food (which is about what dinner for two with a modest bottle of wine will cost at Los Mayas; lunch is half that) might not have gone over here five years ago. The city is changing.

This, in fact, should be the next



food craze, possibly eclipsing nouvelle southwestern. In Tempe, the stylish Mission Palms Hotel has a new menu of "Mexican regional cuisines." Watch for the competition to bloom.

And Mexico, sadly, may be looking to its neighbor to preserve its own culinary culture.

Ten years ago, Diana Kennedy gave warning: "Too much is being lost through the wild demographic explosion Mexico is experiencing. Primeval forests are being cut down, to be lost forever; reserves of plants, wildlife,

fish and crustaceans are dwindling rapidly, and along with them traditions, crafts, folklore, indigenous foods and recipes...." Six months ago, traveling through Mexico, Altman saw more signs of decline. "Most of the finer restaurants are in trouble," he says. "The people can't afford to eat out anymore. While I was in Mexico City, there was an article on the decline of the restaurants in the zona rosa, the city's most fashionable district. It showed photos of empty restaurants. The people are very upset." □

# TUCSON'S HOTTEST

Standard ammo only, no wildcat handloads

BY EMIL FRANZI

Being a southwestern lizard, Iggy knows a lot about heat—the kind you get in an Arizona summer. But having a limited diet and an even more limited esophagus, partly brought about by a frenzy of lightning bug eating on a trip back East, Iggy spends most of

his time in dark bars and hasn't been able to keep up with the large quantity of extra hot and spicy chow that has landed in town over the last few years. Reminding him that diversification of restaurant supply is one of the positive aspects of unlimited growth only

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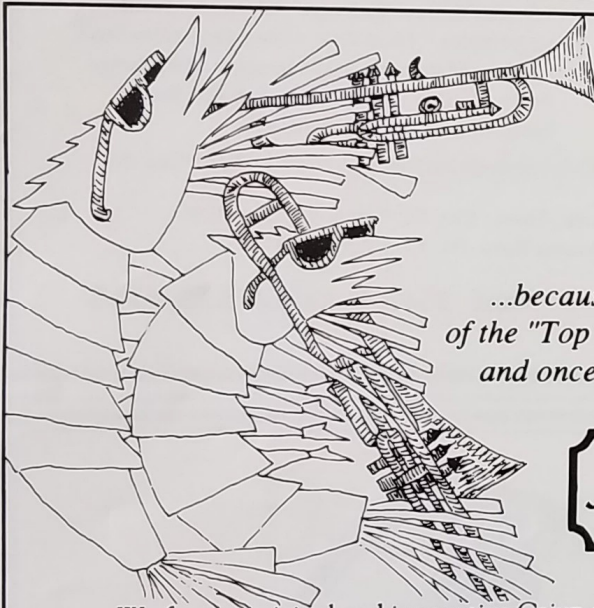
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turned him more surly than usual, and he told me to go out and find the hottest food in town.

My colleague Larry Cheek has already declared the Delhi Palace to be the champion in that regard. Larry's into volcanic cuisine—part of his Texas heritage, which I'm sure included a lot of Tex-Mex in his youth. Tex-Mex is a lot hotter than the mild Sonoran food we're used to around here, although it's amazing how many California turistas blanch three bites into a standard lunch at Mi Nidito. New Mexican food can get pretty hot too—I'm talkin' the real stuff, not that yuppie junk from Santa Fe.

Unfortunately, Larry's measurement gauge leaves a lot to be desired. First off, hot for the sake of hot is as meaningless as firepower for the sake of firepower. Every gun show I've ever been to is filled with .44 magnums for sale by the macho guys who

darin, I remembered a former search for the ideal Kung Pao chicken, made with my old friend Bill Heuisler as I recall. My top score was Lu's at Oracle and River. Bill, as usual, disagreed. He opted for Old Peking Mandarin on Campbell, which has been replaced by an Eegee's. They were both at about force one and a half, but Lu's has something hotter, the stir-fried beef at force two. If there's a Chinese place with a standard menu item that scores higher, let me know. I didn't get to all of them.

That leaves the rest of the Oriental places, three Thais, one each of Korean and Malayan, at least one Vietnamese, and Larry's choice, the Delhi Palace. I used exactly the same methodology at each. I simply asked, "What's the hottest thing you have on THIS menu?" No special orders. No "we're having a contest." No Walker Colt conversions to chopped .444 Marlin cases pushing

**There's a half gallon of chili I had made up at Pat's. It's in my freezer and I'll thaw a little for any sucker who thinks an Asian can produce a bigger explosion in your body parts.**

bought 'em and found they can't handle 'em. An M1911 Colt auto .45 shoots better and has a lot quicker recovery time for the next round. You only need enough gun and you only need enough heat in your food. Us Rednecks know all about that philosophical stuff, Larry.

You can only rate hot food by what restaurants actually serve, not what you can get them to whip up on special order. As proof, there's a half gallon of chili I had made up at Pat's. It's in my freezer and I'll thaw a little for any sucker who thinks an Asian can produce a bigger explosion in your body parts. But so what? Special orders don't count. Forget about wild-cat handloads and let's discuss ammo.

To do that you need a standard everyone can relate to, which I considered to be a stock issue chili dog from Pat's. Let's call that force one and move on.

Cajun food as eaten by Cajuns can get pretty hot. Unfortunately, years of yuppification have watered it down and the Cajun menus in town are all mere shadows of their heritage. Like they quit buying cayenne pepper about 1986. Their menu stuff rarely moves the gauge. The same fate would appear to be falling upon Jamaican restaurants. There aren't any around here, but as Norma Coile pointed out a couple of issues back, they too are wimping out. This leaves us with the Orientals.

Starting with Szechuan and Man-

a 200 grain conical with 54 grains of Pyrodex. Just the same stuff YOU can expect when you go there.

I started with the Three Sisters and 226 N. Stone. I had a simple and totally delicious dish with the exciting title of chicken and vegetables. They will give you a hot option of anything, and bring a bowl of it on the side. A couple of bites in and I dumped the whole bowl onto the platter. It was great food, but not even as hot as a Pat's.

Kimpo is at 4030 E. Speedway. As some of you may know, Korean food is completely different from other Oriental chow. My oldest daughter Carroll went to school with a nifty little Korean gal named Heidi Woo. Heidi's grandmother once sent home a container filled with something that was at least force three and lasted for four months in my refrigerator. Hottest Kimpo could do was a squid and vegetable offering that only reached force two, but was otherwise superb, as is the rest of their menu.

On to the Thais. First stop, Thai Thani, 3427 E. Speedway. For many years a bar and at one time a bank, Iggy loves this place 'cause it's dark inside. Try Number 5 on the lunch menu—basically a beef curry and when ordered hot reaches a force two. Next stop was Mina's at 6061 E. Broadway for a Number 24, a hot and spicy mix featuring beef, chicken, and shrimp. On request, a side order of hot enhancer comes with it. As presented,



force two. With hot sauce, based on peppers (maybe even jalapeños), force three, but flavor changed. As presented was better. Last Thai stop, Char's, 5039 E. 5th. Try an L9 on the lunch menu—beef in a red chili paste with coconut milk. Now I was getting someplace—force four. Not enough to make me grab for my Thai beer, but enough for Pam Patton to notice that I was beginning to glisten.

It should be mentioned that the heat ration aside, all three Thai places had two things in common. They all have pictures of the Thai Royal Family on the wall, and they all have really first-rate food. I'd go back to any of them, but I scored Char's the hottest.

On to Delhi Palace, 6751 E. Broadway. The lunch buffet is \$5.95 and they sure know how to make a Redneck feel at home 'cause the first thing I grabbed for was based on okra. Two chicken dishes, several veggies, and a wonderful thin bread somewhere between pita and tortilla, but tasting better than either. Also two very different desserts—one white, sort of custard-like, and the other little sweet balls that looked like hush puppies but weren't. None of the above over force one-half. They do have a bowl of something to heat stuff up that looks and tastes a little like green chili salsa. I ate a whole teaspoon and gave it maybe a force two all by itself. The food was incredible, but hot it wasn't. I assume Larry must know something I don't, like something on the dinner menu, so I planned a return trip.

Until I ran into the wisdom of the Orient. At a Malayan restaurant. Selamat Makan, 3502 E. Grant. I tried a curry chicken and asked for it hot. Got a force three on a beautiful meal. Also got to talking to the owner about HOT in general. He opined that what I was eating was about as hot as anybody with any sense would want it, like Malaysians themselves. Sure, he could sandblast your tonsils on request—a request he sometimes gets from macho gringos. But to what point? It doesn't make it taste any better, and usually just ruins the blends of spices his people (and lots of others) have spent a helluva lot of time working out—like my reaction to the extra peppers at Mina's. So I have yet to return to Delhi Palace. I plan to, not to test my throat, but to enjoy their truly great food. What's the point in edible volcanos?

Tell you what. For anybody who thinks hottest is best, I know where to find an over-sized replica of a Colt single-shot derringer chambered for a .460 Weatherby Magnum. Only weighs seven ounces, and you can't hit a thing with its 1.25-inch barrel. So far it's broken four wrists; I guarantee you it's the hottest gun in town.

#### HOT TURKEY SANDWICH UPDATE

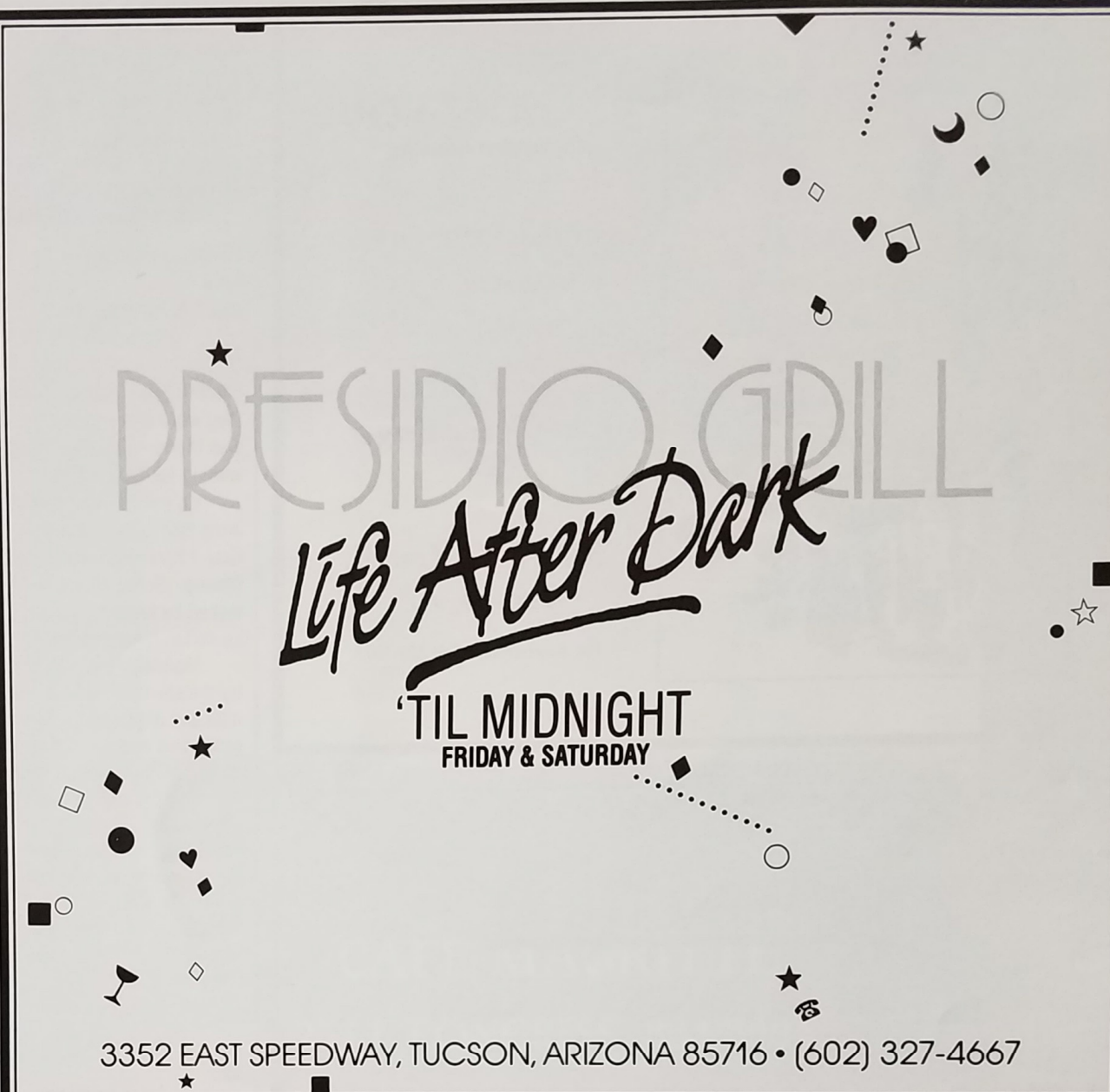
Baron's, Wilmet almost to Golf Links. Real off-the-bird turkey meat, great gravy, cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes. Served in an old-fashioned, real-food atmosphere. \$5.50. Worth it.

#### CHICKEN-FRIED STEAK UPDATE

*The Frugal Gourmet Cooks American* by Jeff Smith. The skinny one with the beard who has the program on Channel 6, not the other one. Great recipe. Great cookbook—has many recipes for chili and other real food. Highly recommended.


#### INA AND THORNYDALE UPDATE

BeBacks's Deli has moved over by the K-Mart at Orange Grove and Thornydale. Grumpy John's bit the bullet and pulled out. And a branch office of Salvatore's is supposed to be moving in, giving the neighborhood its third Italian restaurant. □



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# NU REVUES

### Lu's

5012 N. Oracle Rd.

Hiding behind the Denny's at River and Oracle is one of Tucson's finest Chinese restaurants. The location doesn't seem to hurt, as they were almost filled the last week night I was there—plus several other folks were waiting for take-out orders.

Lu's is a family operation based on Chef Jung Han Lu who spent eighteen years in the Grand Hotel in Taipei owned by Madame Chiang. (Some people think the whole island is owned by Madame Chiang.) In any case, Chef Lu certainly served in the first rank.

Mandarin and Szechuan. If you like it hot, try the stir-fried beef. If you want something mild and different, try the shrimp with scrambled eggs. And if you're there on a slow night, just ask Chef Lu to use his own discretion. Half the stuff you get won't be on the menu, or will be a magnificent variation on items that are. And unless everybody is a real big eater, plan on take-home boxes as portions are ample. Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m.-9:30 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., noon-9:30. Visa, MC. Beer and wine only.

—Redneck.

### Kappy's

2190 N. Wilmot.

Just down the road from Mi Casa lies its total antithesis. Booths. Big screen TV in the center, with a smaller set on the corner of the overlong bar. Three pool tables far enough away from the other action to keep serious pool heads from being disturbed. Lots of American beer on tap and in bottles.

And real food. A little yup infiltration with potato skins and deep fried mushrooms and zucchini, but lots of basic sandwiches here, both large and good. Pastrami, roast beef, BBQ beef, ham, turkey, salami on a roll or rye with the fixin's, \$3.75. Ham, pastrami, turkey, salami, and Swiss—\$4.65. For a buck and a half,

they'll give you another two ounces of meat. Various 1/3 lb. burgers on a kaiser from \$2.35. Double meat versions start at \$3.95. Quesadillas, burros, tacos, and chimis starting at \$2.25. Jukebox heavy on the C & W. 'Til midnight daily. In the Historic Register of Real Places.

—Redneck.

### Cafe Ole

121 E. Broadway

This traditional downtown hangout, under new owners, is changing its image. Guttled and remodeled, with white chairs and maroon tablecloths, it seems to be less the boho coffeehouse and more the cheerful cafe—although it still boasts colorful art on the walls and live music (a jazz duo) on Friday and Saturday nights. During the week it is pulling for the downtown-worker crowd at breakfast and lunch, and like the high-rise offices, it is closed up tight by 6 p.m. Weekend eves, however, go until midnight, offering light dinner specials like Mexican tuna salad or Chinese chicken salad, and no cover charge for the tunes.

The best part of the place is still the outdoor patio, with its solid wood tables. New and appreciated is the quick and unintrusive table service. The menu these days is one of those simple laminated jobs, with eggs and sandwiches and salads—almost intentionally non-trendy, like an oldtime diner's with a few '80s additions. The two of us tried a fruit-and-cheese board and a veggie/avocado on whole wheat, each simply but colorfully presented for less than \$4 each. The kiwi fruits and peppery Muenster cheese on the platter were nice touches.

Of late they've been cooking up some daily pasta specials such as carbonara or pesto that sound more inventive than the rest of the menu. But we haven't yet got to those or to the "really outrageous desserts," like a Pink Flamingo of white chocolate mousse and raspberries. Also beer, wine and gourmet coffees

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—Hungry Heart.

# ENCORES

**The Big A**  
**1818 E. Speedway**  
The original UA student/faculty hangout boasting felt banners from colleges all over the country. Worn wood tables, low lighting and counter service combine for a relaxing place to eat their charbroiled burgers. Plenty of toppings: guac, mushrooms, onions, cheese. A Tucson institution where red meat is done right. We hope it will still be around as they carve up Speedway. Beer and mixed drinks. 326-1818.  
—Country.

**The Golden Dragon**  
**6433 N. Oracle**  
This place has a gorgeous menu, a dramatic cut above the standard family-owned, shopping-center Chinese restaurant. Large, red, with a gold tassle, its contents are printed on fine paper, a dense list of exotically named entrees. But I loved Golden Dragon even before they got their gorgeous menu. Why? Delicious food, pleasing and clean atmosphere, impeccably polite and friendly service. Enough said. Great lunch specials! No low-brow buffets here; instead, reasonably priced selection of fourteen entrees and you can substitute real hot-and-sour soup for the egg flower stuff. If you have a yen for Oriental cuisine, this is a must. 297-1862.  
—Triplane.

**Presidio Grill**  
**3352 E. Speedway**  
If food is theater, this hot spot does it very well. Located in the midst of Speedway's kitsch and clutter, Presidio will stun you the moment you step inside with its cosmopolitan art deco style. The seasonal southwestern nouvelle menu offers such surprises as roasted elephant ear garlic with brie and mixed peppers, pizza with sun-dried tomatoes and prosciutto, or Creole chicken with hot sausage gumbo. A class-act—and they even serve hamburgers. Dessert choices include

chocolate duet with English biscuits and berries. Call ahead if you plan to arrive during the weekday lunch crush. Breakfast on week-ends. 327-4667.  
—Hungry Heart.

**The Swedish Boathouse**  
**7889 E. 22nd St.**  
This landlubbing riverboat always looked a little strange, perched there on the left bank of the Pantano Wash. Now, with a new owner, theme and ethnic menu, it is stranger still: There are lakeside tables *inside* The Swedish Boathouse, and a lake with boats and a battery-operated frogman to play with. But you don't need distractions from the food. The Swedes really know how to broil shrimp to perfection—a rare talent in this desert. The crab salad was excellent, too, as were the marinated mushrooms, fresh fruit salad, deviled and pickled eggs and a generous variety of other salads. At the hot smorgasbord table we found baked ham, meatballs, beef stew, parsleyed whole small potatoes and a tempting array of breads and cheeses. Lunch, dinner. 298-0028.  
—Limey.

**Taco Azteca**  
**1911 E. Grant**  
If Los Mayas is the high end of the invasion of the *nouvelle cuisine mexicaine*, Taco Azteca comes in at the other extreme—and very nicely, thank you. The menu is limited but the fare inexpensive and downright *sabroso*. They boast health-conscious preparation, with charbroiling and no deep-fat frying. Quesadillas, soft tacos, carne asada, birria and menudo are all specialties. It's small and dazzlingly bright, white and clean. An affordable stop, and we recommend. 327-4774.  
—Pro Natura.

*City Magazine* **Nu Revues** and **Encores** are written by various hungry people and are not related to advertising.



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## NOTES

**F**irst, downtown advocates cheered as the ribbon was cut for the first national fast-food franchise (a Wendy's at Stone and Broadway) to serve the 15,000 workers of the "Civil Service Ghetto."

Next, a consultant's vision of the proposed downtown arts district was unveiled.

And then the Mayor and City Council voted seven-zip not to try to change the route of the state's Aviation Parkway, which critics fear will cut downtown off from automobile traffic and the central city, dooming it to a slow death.

But within a week after the council had its final say on the long-planned \$300-million project, which has been through numerous public hearings over the years, opponents were quietly meeting to plot their own strategies. Merchants and residents from downtown and Fourth Avenue, neighborhood activists, "alternative transportation" advocates and others, they vowed not to let Mayor Tom Volgy "get away with" claiming he'd

## ROAD TO NOWHERE

*Aviation walls off downtown*

put together the only compromise possible—a study of design issues—given the state's control of the project and its \$50 million in expenses to date. ("It's the same old Tom," they complained of the mayor most of them voted for.)

They warned that Councilman Bruce Wheeler had committed a "grave political error" by going along with the rest of the council after failing to come up with four votes to challenge the parkway's alignment across the northern edge of downtown. (Wheeler had campaigned as a critic of Aviation, saying it would hurt small businesses by severing downtown and the arts district from the Fourth Avenue commercial district.)

They groused that there "is probably pressure for Aviation from Don

Diamond," the powerful holder of a good deal of Pima County's vacant land. The parkway, they noted, would help link the Rocking K Ranch—the development project on the far south-east side that Diamond shares with the Estes Co.—to the Phoenix-bound interstate just north of downtown.

And in two minutes of passing a hat, they pledged several hundred dollars to pay for a lawsuit. They intended to slap the city and state with it in time to stop construction contracts from going out this summer on the downtown leg of the parkway. Their legal strategy has two parts. First, they'll sue in Superior Court, charging that the city bucked the parkway up to the state as a sneaky maneuver to get around the Neighborhood Protection Amendment, the 1985 initiative which

requires public votes on all major roadways in Tucson. The parkway critics are uncertain whether that suit will hold up, but they have full confidence in their second tactic: to sue in federal court because Aviation's planners "played a game to avoid responsibility" by stopping the parkway just a couple of blocks away from Interstate 10. Their motive, according to opponents, was to avoid environmental impact studies that the feds require of roads that hook up with interstates.

"They don't want to do the studies because they've got some problems with historic buildings and air quality," contends neighborhood activist Tres English.

While blocking construction contracts with the lawsuits, the parkway opponents simultaneously are working on a "positive" front, drawing up an alternative route or transportation plan (probably including a light-rail system), and scheduling their own public hearings. □

—Norma Coile

## WHY NOBODY VOTES ANYMORE

From the "it-must-be-an-election-year" file:

Geri Menton, the Sabino Canyon-area neighborhood activist who blocked a bulldozer on the first cover of *City Magazine*, finally listened to the political sages and switched parties (for the second time in a couple of years). Menton will take on Supervisor Reg Morrison as a Republican in the primary, rather than as a Democrat in the general election. That makes it a race, as Morrison's district is heavily GOP. But Menton will have to dance to explain to Green Valley why she bolted from her life-long Republican Party affiliation a year and a half ago to heed Rep. John Kromko's call for new environmental blood in the Democratic Party.

....Gee, isn't that realtor Joe Cesare, who Supervisor Ed Moore recently appointed to a flood control district advisory board? Does anyone here remember the stuff Moore and Co. said about Cesare four years ago when he was the campaign-finance chairman for their arch rival "Bud" Walker? (Maybe they secretly felt sorry for him in that hopeless match against Moore's bottomless check-book.)

....Scuttlebutt is that Carolyn Kapla, head of Dennis DeConcini's Tucson office, engineered the face-saving "out" for State Sen. Jaime Gutierrez when he and Raul Grijalva threatened to split the Hispanic vote in a tussle for David Yetman's supervisor's seat. According to friends, Kapla had Gov. Rose Mofford

phone Gutierrez and remind him how much she needed him on the Demo team at the Capitol in the After-Ev Era. And Sen. DeConcini was at Gutierrez' side when he announced he'd run for re-election to the legislature, rather than for the county board.

Kapla and Sen. DeConcini are close to Gutierrez, but there was more

behind her involvement than that. She's been at odds with Kromko, who also was considering a run to replace outgoing Yetman, over his disorganized style as party chairman. And the last thing she wanted was a divisive Hispanic contest that would allow Kromko to slip into the office. □

—Norma Coile

## WHAT IS THE SOUND OF HIRED HANDS CLAPPING?

As the honorees stepped out of their limos and were announced to a cheering "rent-a-mob," video cameras were there to capture the moment, just like at the Oscars. The pic-

ture was played live on screens in the ballroom for colleagues already partaking of cocktails.

It was the end of a record first quarter for the Ford Motor Co., with earnings of \$1.6 billion. So the company's executives and top dealers from around the country hired a crowd of Tucsonans who had never heard of them to applaud as they arrived at La Paloma for their annual awards banquet.

"I thought it was easy money, so I went up there with some of the girls from work," says legal secretary Kathy Aldrich. She was one of the Tucsonans who copped \$35 apiece for an hour of clapping as the Ford bigwigs and their spouses emerged from twenty white limousines, then glided in their tuxes and sequins

down 400 yards of deep-pile white carpet to the La Paloma ballroom.

And once the revelers reached the ballroom, they were engulfed by five tiers of purple mountains, a starry overhead sky and twelve-foot sculpted saguaros. The natural features of the Tucson basin had been re-created indoors at a decorating cost of "\$20,000 to \$40,000," says Wayne Beaubian, owner of Destination Tucson, the local party planners who put together this shindig after working with Ford for two years.

"It went over very well," reports Beaubian. "But these guys are all bigtime. They've been honored every which way. I don't think they were too shocked." □

—Norma Coile



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## NOTES

# WHAT TUCSON WATER DIDN'T TELL YOU

After eight years of struggle, Tucson has managed to flunk its first big test with the 1980 Groundwater Management Act. Targeted by law to slurp no more than 155 gallons per day per resident by 1988, we managed to swallow 160.63 in 1987. The city water department says they never saw it coming because until last summer they thought we had more people than we do. This doesn't explain why we consumed only 152 gallons per person in 1984.

The recent report by the department (complete with a poetic quote by ex-mayor Lew Murphy: "That precious element we call water is perhaps appreciated in no other place like the desert") will tell you none of this: not that we're out of compliance with state law, not that we're consuming more water per capita than we did four years ago, not even how fast our water table is declining.

It sticks to the heavy information like the fact that the city has 9,979 fire hydrants. (Dogs take heart.) It forgets to tell you the water table is sinking

three to four feet per year.

Incidentally, the annual report (2,000 copies printed) cost you \$11,964. Drink up.

—Charles Bowden

## Our Town

Arizona has a formula, which might be puckishly expressed this way:

- Make growth the state religion. Take a developer to lunch; encourage him to build something, anything. Then stand aside and let him have at it.
- Favor the cities over the countryside. The cities have votes and money in them. The countryside is mostly dirt and trees.
- Remember what businesses don't like: unions, taxes, a lot of regulation. Keep these burdens light.

—The Wall Street Journal,  
November 2, 1987

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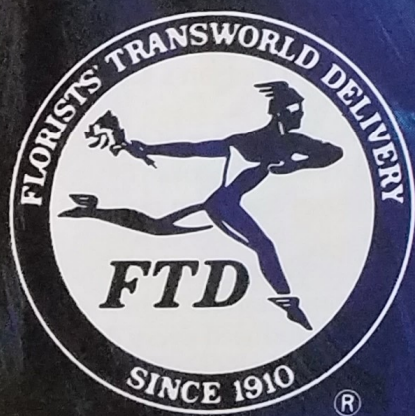


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NOTES

# THE INDEX

lggy's view of the underbelly of life

- Percentage of Americans who think that "many problems" are beyond President Reagan's grasp: 50
- Members of Colombia's Patriotic Union party who have been murdered since it was founded in 1985: 600
- Number of the party's 87 mayoral candidates who were murdered in the six months prior to the March elections: 29
- Percentage of Brazilians who favor a return to military government: 38
- Value of all corporate mergers and acquisitions announced in the first two months of 1987: \$32,000,000,000
- In the first two months of 1988: \$65,000,000,000
- Amount the Japanese spent last year on pinball: \$55,000,000,000
- Amount the Japanese spent last year on defense: \$30,000,000,000
- Estimated Soviet aid to Cuba last year, per Cuban: \$544
- United States aid to Israel last year, per Israeli: \$711
- Number of Israeli soldiers who have been jailed for refusing to serve in the West Bank and Gaza Strip: 9
- Number of the 30 Palestinians killed by tear gas since December 12 who were infants: 14
- Amount the South Korean government spent last year on tear gas: \$15,000,000
- Percentage of South Koreans who are named Kim, Lee, or Park: 45
- Chances that a teenage girl in the South Bronx was pregnant during 1987: 1 in 6
- Federal funds spent last year to promote celibacy among teenagers: \$3,000,000
- Average number of homeless people in New York City shelters and welfare hotels each day in 1987: 28,000
- Estimated number of vacant New York City apartments that landlords kept off the market during 1987: 45,000
- Officers needed to evict the last resident of the Memphis motel where a Martin Luther King museum will open: 4
- Percentage increase, since 1986, in taxes paid by black South Africans: 500
- Tons of gold made into class rings in the United States last year: 9
- Percentage of 18- to 24- year olds who prefer President Reagan's hairstyle to Carter's and Ford's: 47
- Average number of disclaimers a man makes before telling a joke: 1.9
- Average a woman makes: 3.4
- Average number of words added to the English language every day since 1966: 6.5
- Average number of new microwave food products introduced every day in 1987: 2
- Chances that a restaurant bill is incorrect: 1 in 8
- Number of Twinkies that Twinkie inventor Jimmy Dewar ate in his lifetime: 40,177
- Pounds of mud for rubbing baseballs bought by major league teams each year from Burns Bintliff of Delaware: 182
- Number of baseballs produced each year in Haiti, per Haitian: 1.8
- Amount of U.S. humanitarian aid the contras



spent on baseball and volleyball equipment in 1985 and 1986: \$1,245  
 ■ Amount they spent on deodorant: \$5,760

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## IGGY'S BASH

For years Tucson has been playing at comprehensive planning and throwing down a city.

Come to a Tucson Tomorrow workshop, sponsored by *City Magazine* the morning of Saturday, June 25, to learn what Austin and Portland know that we haven't figured out about building a decent-looking town.

When it comes to planning, Tucson can't seem to get off the dime. This conference asks why. It also asks where we'll be in the year 2005, and who will get us there.

For information (time and location had not been confirmed as we went to press), call Tucson Tomorrow at 881-7744 and ask about "Comprehensive Land Use Planning: Whither Tucson?" □

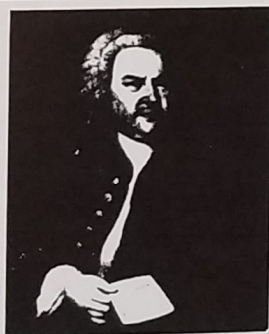
## HOW ABOUT COPS IN TUTUS?

City Manager Joel Valdez, overheard commenting with a shrug on the price tag of the proposed downtown arts district: "You want tutus or cops?"

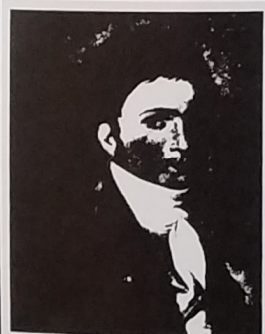
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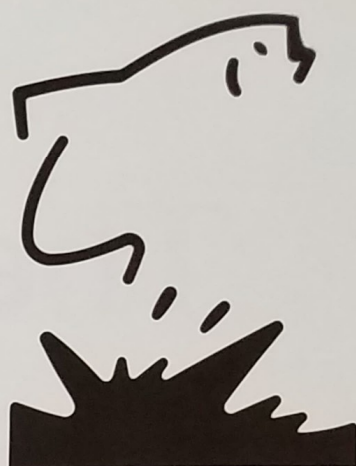
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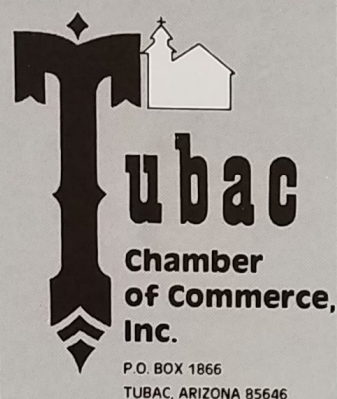
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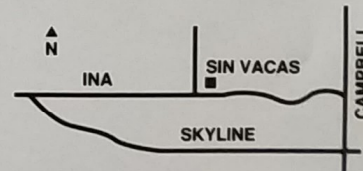
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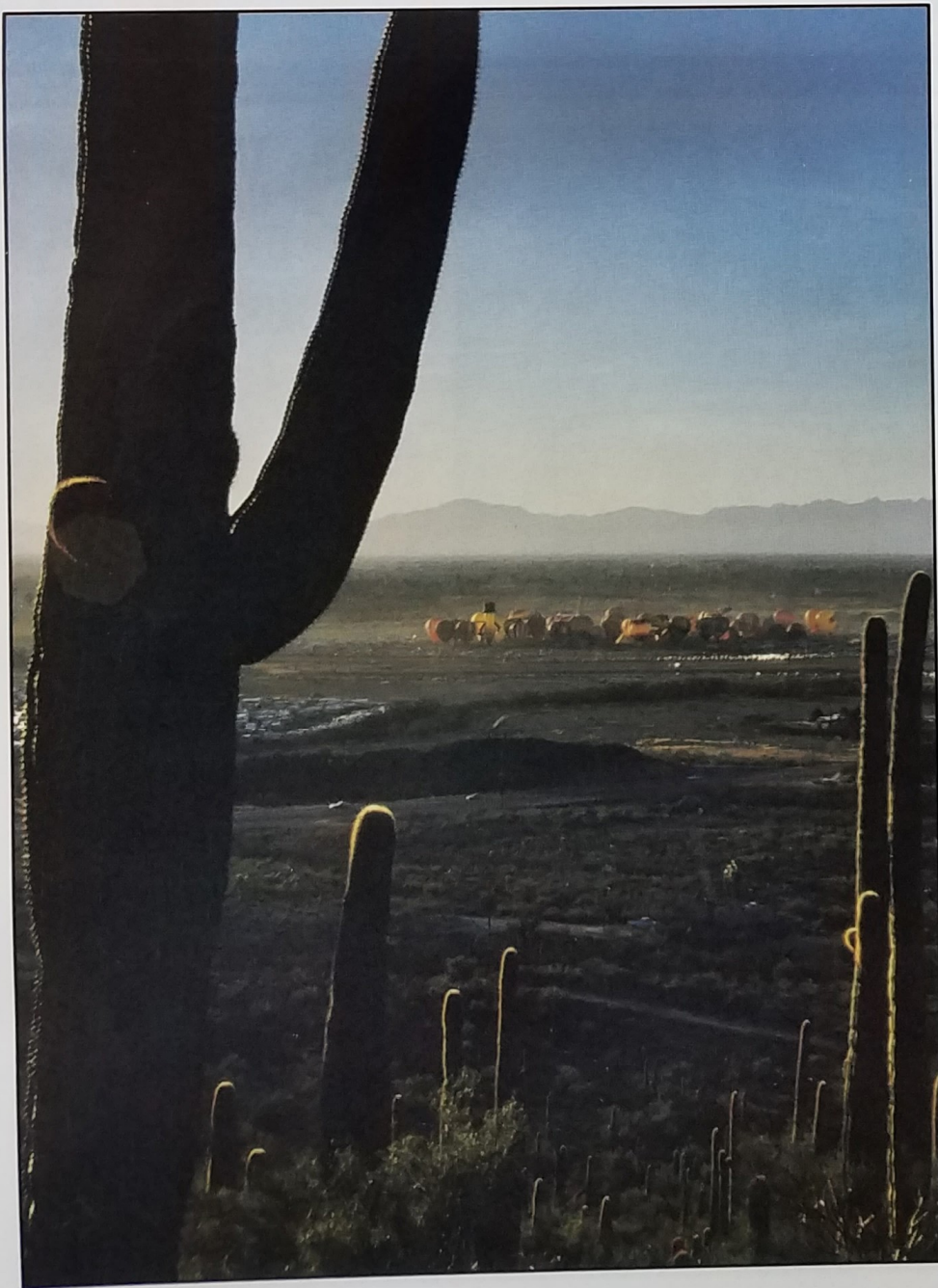


**Sin Vacas**

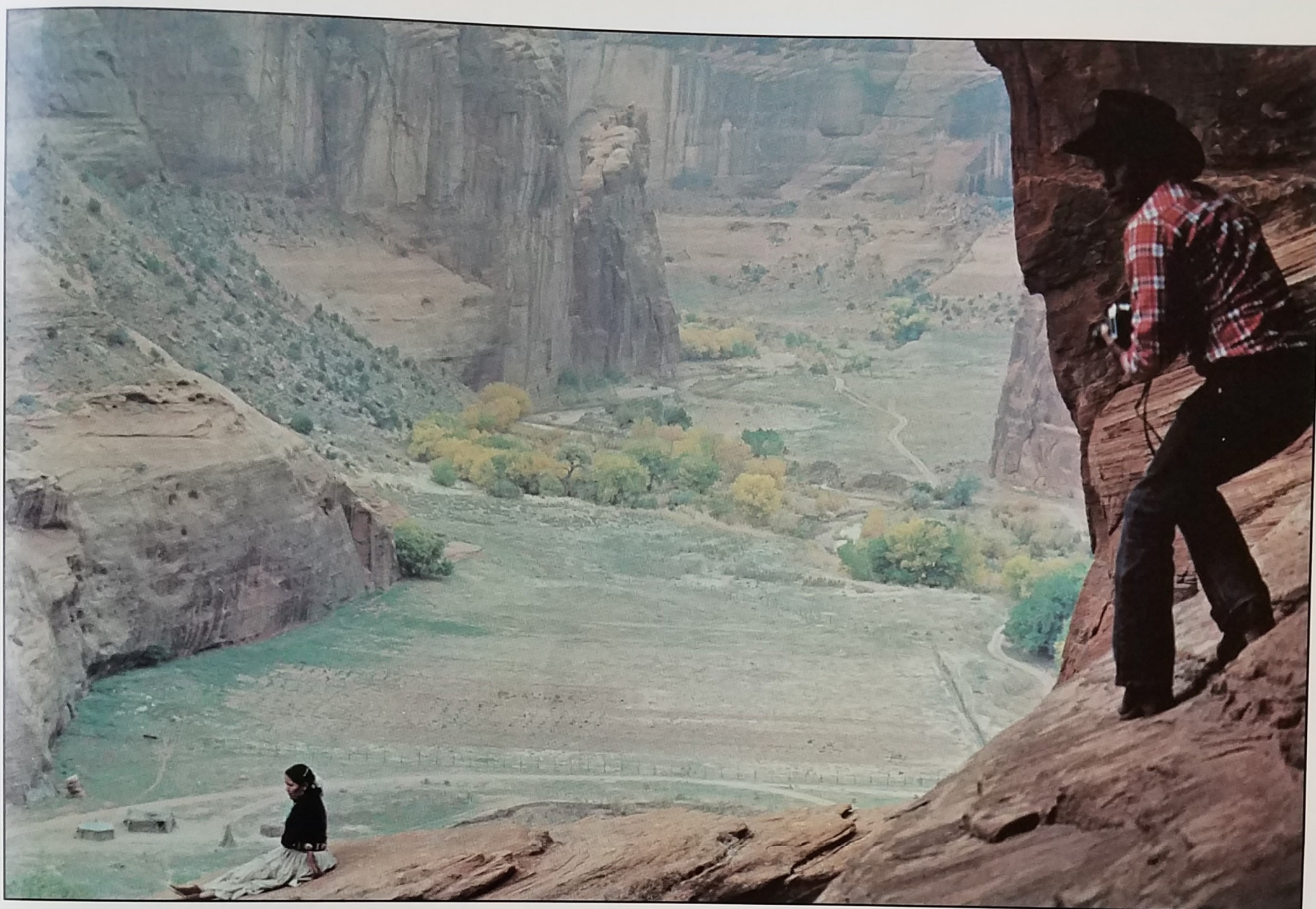


# The Colors of Tucson

Six Judges focused on photos for nearly two full days in order to determine the top prize winners in The Colors of Tucson, the fifth annual Jones Photo photography contest. This year's event, which was co-sponsored by *City Magazine*, attracted over 800 entries, reflecting life in Arizona through her people, environment, cities and sporting events. Prizes were awarded to beginning and advanced photographers in five categories.







**Best of Show (above)**  
 Max T. Miller  
 "Panorama — Canyon de Chelly"

**Best of Division — Advanced (left)**  
 Audrey Mahon  
 "Tohono Chul Oasis"

**Best of Division — Beginner (right)**  
 Kenneth G. Neeley, Jr.  
 "Play Ball"

**Grand Prize — Balloons (far left)**  
 Joseph Babinsky  
 "Preparing for Mass Ascension"

**JONES PHOTO**





# BADLANDS

**T**his is the New West, the place where walking is a suicidal act. It is 6 p.m. and 110 in the shade. I am waiting with a friend for sunset in Yuma, Arizona, and then we will walk to Palm Springs, loosely following the path of the '49ers who crossed the desert with dreams of gold. More than a century ago an army of people poured through Tucson and the Southwest lusting for the gold of California. What they made, we will walk through. We will be lovers moving through the ruins.

We have full packs—candy bars, sardines with jalapeños, sunflower seeds, raisins—and two and a half gallons of water apiece. We're decked out in running shoes, shorts, T-shirts and caps. An hour ago an Arizona highway patrolman warned us of the danger. He said the wets die coming north; he said now and then he finds old folks along the road dead in their cars, poleaxed by the heat.

The Colorado purrs along a block away and down by the river Benjamin Butler Harris, age twenty-four, rests with fifty-one fellow Texans. He lives in a book, an old journal kept during the Gold Rush, and I have this paperback tucked into my backpack. And now I will walk from Yuma to Palm Springs, tracking the ghost of Benjamin Butler Harris and his kind. It is the summer of 1849 in his camp. Word of the gold strike at Sutter's Mill reached Washington D.C. on December 7, 1848, and Harris and his friends saddle up and leave Plano, Texas, on March 25, 1849.

He is a lawyer from Tennessee. The men in his party come from just about every state in the Union and several foreign countries. Harris is a dreamer in a nation of dreamers.

Across the river, the Yumas now wait out the United

**We enter.  
The bar is lined  
with tattooed men  
wearing denim  
vests, big knives  
strapped to their  
legs, pistols stuffed  
into their pockets  
and wallets secured  
by chains with the  
girth of logging  
cables.**

**I decide I am dead.**

**By Charles Bowden**

Photography  
By Jack W. Dykinga

States on a reservation. A century ago, they were a renowned warrior people, a tall people who carried war clubs and brained unwelcome visitors. In 1849, 12,000 men crossed the river here and went for the gold—half Americans, half Sonorans. Harris detests the Yumas. They steal, he thinks. They charge a high price for crossing the river and if you lose that half step, they kill you.

When his group left Texas, an old frontiersman gave the pilgrims a bit of advice: "Shoot at every Indian you see and save them a life of misery in subsisting on snakes, lizards, skunks, and other disgusting objects." Now the Yumas steal Harris' favorite mule—the tribe loves to eat them. A huge party comes up and threatens to kill every white man at the crossing. The Texans blow a couple of the

Yumas away and things calm down. I lean against the new Yuma jail and over my head a camera sweeps the grounds for possible menace. The machine grinds as it chews the shadows. Mexican women traipse by with their kids in tow. They have come for a visit with the old man. Male eyes burn through the tinted slit windows. It is the night of the Fourth of July and liberty hangs in the hot air. The women and kids are brown and

I know the eyes behind the windows are black. Soon fireworks will pock the sky and wets will look up as they head north. They will be standing in the desert, perhaps pissing on a creosote, and they will marvel at the antics of the Norte Americanos.

I want to taste the sensation of dreams and walk with the dreamers. I was born starved in a fat land.

We stand, throw the packs on our shoulders and move into the sun. It falls like a hammer on our shoulders. The bridge is empty and we amble across the river. Two Mexicans, illegals, slip through the tamarisk below, in their



Gloria. Brawley, California.







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hands plastic milk jugs full of water. They wear straw hats and do not look up.

A little ways upstream, thirteen grubby trappers squat on the far bank. They are the lords of the nineteenth-century West, men who glide easily through this desert. A Yuma wrapped in a blanket sidles up to their camp, squats over a trapper's ammunition and then slips away with his booty. The trapper waits and when the Indian is about seventy yards away brings his rifle up and cuts him down. He walks over, recovers his ammunition, scalps the dead man and then cuts a strip of skin about twenty inches long from the body. He will use it as a razor strop. One of his companions asks just what he thinks he is doing. He says, "I'm administering on this Indian's estate."

We camp on the *bajada* above the river, a pudding of bare soil with creosote bushes here and there. I eat a can of sardines. Harris and his friends are down to parched corn, supposed to be the feed for their mules, and nervous about the desert ahead. Harris cannot walk, he has been crippled the entire trip by his own foolishness. Before leaving Texas he danced for three days, and when the journey started he could not walk because of his injured toes. They haven't healed and so he rides.

We hit the freeway, Interstate 8, and follow along. The culverts under the big road are rich with artifacts: hundreds of human footprints heading north, big empty cups of 7-Eleven's Super Big Gulp. Here and there erupt the tire tracks of the Border Patrol, then the machine stops, and huge American footprints briefly join the legion of feet walking into El Norte. The American impressions stand for the rules, black coffee and endless paperwork. The Mexicans stand for the appetites. Benjamin Harris is puzzled by the freeways thick with cops; he feels the journey of the Mexicans in his guts. He moves through a different world, one rich with space. I must be the good scout finding tiny islands of this world amid the big roads, towns and flat, green fields.

The inspectors peer under cars searching for gypsy moths. The state employees in their crisp uniforms have replaced the Yumas as the new gatekeepers in these parts.

I lean against the wall of a neighboring state truck scale, one closed for the day. Flies crawl across my face and I read a Raymond Chandler novel about a lost Los Angeles, one now entombed by freeways. The book fails me in this heat. All the colors on the page are bleached, the women wear scent but cannot sweat, and the entire city sags with weariness toward a big sleep. I look down at the ground and see a certificate blowing in the breeze: "California's Inspection Stations Are Its First Line of Defense In Protecting The State's Environment From Destructive Pests."

Yes.

Walter Andres, fifty-eight, has been at the work for thirty-nine years and plans to plug along until his fiftieth wedding anniversary July 13, 1999. He was born in Yuma and cannot understand people who move around. He is a heavy man and red-faced as he stands at a sink cutting up fruit in his quest for sinister invaders. The voice is weary with the foolishness of life. He looks at me askance—I have no niche in his world. I am on foot by choice.

"You're going to walk north to Glamis?" he asks with alarm. He eyes my running shoes with horror. "How much water are you carrying? You gotta have at least five gallons a man a day in this desert. No boots? You need high top boots, though if you hit a sidewinder it won't make much difference. The wets come through here all the time, and they know walking, and they die out there in the desert and nobody

desert. This is the basic experience if you are on foot: you are violating everyone's fantasies of the danger waiting out there in the sands and thorns and loneliness. You are ripping away the fabric of their West, the one that requires dune buggies, 4x4s, dirt bikes, ATVs, sidearms, rifles, long hip knives, stout boots, flares, huge water cans, snakebite kits, salt tablets, curious bonnets, large belt buckles, radios and teeming populations of poisonous insects. Americans hate their deserts and consider them useful only for exercises in assault. They are places to shoot holes in cactus, slaughter tortoises, toss beer bottles, tear up hillsides with machines, settle drug deals, leave bullet-riddled bodies in the arroyo. Places to make fires, places to curse the darkness. The hot, dry ground is the woman—the bitch, slut, whore—who must be beaten, raped and crushed.

**"Before I was born I would sometimes steal out of my mother's womb while she was sleeping, but it was dark and I did not go far."**

finds them for a year and nobody even knows who they were and nobody in Mexico even knows they're missing.

"You know those folks in '49? Why do you suppose they were out there? It's hard to figure out."

It is a fair question. Walter Andres sits for decades waiting for bad bugs in his small booth and all around him are the ghosts of '49ers and all around him are Americans roaring east and west on the Interstate and all around him are Mexicans marching north into the desert looking for day labor. I tell him it's the gold, they go for the gold.

But I do not believe this.

They go for the dreams.

We leave at dusk and head north toward Glamis, a town of thirteen people wedged against the Algodones Dunes. The ground is small, hard, varnished rocks—desert pavement—and littered with one gallon plastic milk jugs, the basic survival gear of the Mexicans. Some have twine tied at the handle. We are in a major corridor for human beings heading toward the work of the Central Valley and the fields at Salinas. They are all around us, keeping out of sight, moving like ghosts in the twilight.

A Border Patrol truck roars up. The driver appraises us with hunter's eyes—in back are two Mexicans, caged, who gamely wave. He is your basic Border Patrolman—the gunbelt, the pressed uniform, the armor of authority and the small-town air of a man who has escaped a county sheriff's department for a federal paycheck.

He is also annoyed to have us in his

This is, of course, denied. The deserts are called fragile by everyone and many testify how they love the dry air and appreciate the lack of snow. But our actions are inscribed all over the valleys and dunes and I can smell our anger rising off the land.

We cannot face the West we found or the West we sacked. It is all in the photographs. I remember a day when I was out of this heat and spent my afternoon walking through the Museum of Photographic Art in San Diego. The exhibit offers two centuries, the nineteenth and our own. Cameras eat the terrain. The artists are going to make the flesh and blood simple for us. It is all there in black and white. Outside the walls, Balboa Park is full of lush growth, flowers and bird song. In here with the white walls and clean frames, the world is mainly prints of mountains and deserts and big rocks and huge trees. Vistas drip down the walls, rectangles cage the terrain into form and light and shadow. The planet was only created in those six arduous days to model for a lens. The dry ground feels the knife, winces, and is anointed art. People drift by, talking softly as if in a church, clutching the show's catalog like a trail guide. The West of the photographs is the natural wonder there for the taking. The taking itself is seldom considered worth the talents of a photographer. We have raised up generations of them, all blasting away at Yosemite or the Rockies or Death Valley or the silhouette of a saguaro. The focus is fine, the contrast perfect, the sharp teeth of our world

almost always absent. No highways, no bulldozers, no beer cans, no men, no women, no children, no life. Whenever I walk in the desert I think of the photographs because they seem magical—they express nothing that I see or feel or think as the hundreds of miles move through my body. They are the West of the artists. I am in the West of wetbacks, hot summer nights, the Border Patrol. The bats are squeaking over my head and my feet hurt. The mind drifts.

We are in dreamland and the Yumas, the big men with the big clubs, were the dreamers of this land. Night thoughts were the fuel of their minds. One shaman explained it this way: "Before I was born I would sometimes steal out of my mother's womb while she was sleeping, but it was dark and I did not go far. Every good doctor begins to understand before he is born."

Fall into the dead world. As a boy he takes night trips to the mountain and sleeps at its base. He feels for his body with his two hands, but it is not there. Four days and four nights he moves up the mountain and comes upon the dark-house. Inside is the god, he peers into the blackness and can barely make out the form. The god is naked and huge and only the greatest shamans are with him—a crowd of lesser men stand outside. The boy continues to dream and in time he can go to the god at will. He lies down and soon he is up on the mountain with the crowd. The god tells him how the world began and other matters. He dreams the stories bit by bit and then he goes to the old men and tells them and they say, "That's right! I was there and heard it myself." If he is wrong, they say, "You dreamed badly. That is not right." And that is the way the gods teach the men and the land pours into the minds of the people.

I am walking, the miles float past, a freight rolls past, and then the silence, a black silence hugging the desert. The mind drifts. The Mexicans are moving around us, their abandoned water jugs are everywhere, but we do not see them. They pursue their own dreams of paychecks, new clothes, perhaps in a few months a trip back to the village with the cash. The women will beg them. The new immigration law has swung into effect but there is no sense of it in the silence of the desert night. A Border Patrol truck races up, spotlights blazing, and checks us out. The hunt. The driver says they bagged 153 the night before at a point up ahead. I know little Spanish, I believe in ketchup, I want the trains to run on time, and yet for this night in this desert I am more akin to the Mexicans than the people of my own nation. We share the blackness, the silence and the hunger, the grinding appetite in our gut that says there is always something better ahead, always a reason to move on and taste new ground.

Harris and his party are struggling, he has little time for journal entries and they grow scant. An arm extends from the sand, a bony thing sev-



ered from the body, and the Texans gather round. The ligaments of the elbow are not yet dry. The desert continues to pound their senses: their path is lined with the mummified bodies of dead animals that have been stood on their feet by comedians passing through.

We snap alert briefly when a small sidewinder rattles in our path. And then the silence returns. Around 3 a.m. we go down. We are weary, the packs are heavy, the water alone weighs twenty-odd pounds. And we are dry. We drink water greedily but we cannot keep up. We fall asleep on a flat field of stones.

At gray light, I slip from my bag and walk out into the desert. Miles from Glamis the sign begins, the ground torn, crushed, hacked and chewed by the peculiar tire tracks of ATVs. Fire marks appear where the dune people have made their camps but the sites are empty. It is Monday morning, the Glorious Fourth is over and the humans that gathered here for the holiday have returned to their work. Paper plates are taped to the powerline poles with messages and arrows: SMITH, JONES, FUCKHEAD and so forth. The ground is more and more shredded by machines.

We reach the Glamis at 9:30 a.m., bone weary. There is one store and the woman tending it says, "That dirt road by the tracks? Oh, you've come forty miles."

To the east loom the Chocolate Mountains (a military gunnery range); to the west the dunes. And in between Glamis, named after a Scottish castle, a dusty outpost of trailers, a few auto repair shops and the store, the wonderful store full of beer and canned food and clothes. This is the heart of a culture, the Jerusalem of the dune people. They gather here at Thanksgiving in legendary numbers—the locals say 100,000, the skeptics figure 25,000—and they drink and roar about for days. For that holiday the store has eight cashiers working constantly. We are aliens here, men afoot in the nerve center of the desert machine world. Flies crawl across our bodies.

Inside, mingled with the food and camping supplies, are the totems of this desert culture: baseball caps. One features a pile of feces on the bill and the word SHITHEAD, another a cloth model of a vagina and the simple inscription INSPECTOR. There is a bleak replica of a penis and scrotum labeled DICKHEAD. Various T-shirts and shorts celebrate the sport. In dire need of a new garment, I purchase a pair of women's shorts with large type announcing GLAMIS DUNE DOLL. The

proprietor tosses in a T-shirt—I SURVIVED ANOTHER EXCITING WEEK-END IN GLAMIS!

Her name is Catherine Theresa Le Blanc, she is fifty-six, salt and pepper hair, and she loves to talk. She and her husband came here thirteen years ago and bought some dune for their own private duning. They would come out at Christmas and roar about and hang Christmas ornaments on a creosote bush. We sit out front swatting flies while she reviews her life. They began racing cars in 1952 and then drifted into the business of fixing race cars and then re-engineering stock cars. They made a ton of money—"I rich enough," she smiles. "I got a limousine, I got blue ice diamonds." Arthritis reached into her husband's hands and then, when he'd

Cobra, the Pantera, the Mustang named "Wildfire" with a custom paint job flaming off the side—all are idle. I want to stay and caress the machines for hours. Katie opens the door on the limo and I control the desire to pitch camp in the backseat.

When they got married they had \$24. They raced cars, they worked, they made it. What they made here in the desert has the feel of a temporary camp. The buildings, the goods in the store, the bare ground scraped clean around the business, all these things will be but a brief flicker of the desert's life. It is a party, decorations everywhere, the guests arrive in T-shirts, halter tops, come roaring right up on homemade garage monsters lusting to conquer the sands. They dismount, amble in, drain

are dangerous, and honey, the scorpions out there are the size of large shrimp. The heat will kill you."

A Mexican comes over from the railroad tracks, buys a can of food and melts away again. She says, "They can do it. You can't."

We walk away into the late afternoon heat. The south side of the road is dunes and the dunes are nothing but tire tracks. Small trees huddle here and there like survivors of a blitzkrieg. On the north side of the highway, dune machines are banned by the Bureau of Land Management and the sand is carpeted with plants and every swell is anchored with shrubs. The lesson is very plain. But it is easy to deny. Cactus Katie insists that the machines promote plants, they stir up the soil and that is what makes things grow, you know.

We press higher into the sand and throw our bags down near the crest. Signs along the north side of the road ban machines. Some have been shot, some simply torn down. I admire the spunk of my countrymen. The wind keeps the particles glissading across the surface through the night and the moon bounces off the soft forms.

I always want to go to the dunes for the same reasons other people avoid them. They have no fixed form, they shift under your feet and if you lie down the little grains of sand slowly toss past in the wind and bury you. You become lost in the swells, cannot tell your direction after a while, lose any sure sense of advance. There is no shade. Nothing beckons; every di-

rection promises more of the same. I sleep deeply in the dunes. Always. Here I am safe.

Early the next morning, we leave the dunes behind and enter the creosote flats that the Navy uses for a bombing range. Big signs announce that the area is salted with live bombs and dangerous for people to blunder around in. Here the tracks of the ATVs finally stop. And then the bombing range ends and the Imperial Valley rolls before us green and empty.

We are weary of the heat. It is high noon. But we push on. Harris cannot take any more and camps on the desert. A party of Sonorans comes up on the Texans and they electrify the men with assurances that much gold abounds in the Sierra. One mule sags under the weight of his packs and the packs hold nothing but gold nuggets.

After a while I notice there are no hawks. I am lying on the ground under the shade of a tamarisk and I look up and realize I have seen no hunters in the sky. There is nothing for them to eat. The fields of the Imperial Valley are



Cactus Katie. Glamis, California.

be in the desert, the condition would recede. They came to the desert.

He began to build huge sheet-metal buildings, and build and build. There must be ten thousand square feet under the roof now: their place, a daughter's place, the store, the pizza parlor, and now he is toiling out back on the new restaurant that will open in September. Cactus Katie—the name given her, she explains, by Navajo Joe—shows us everything. The beer cooler big enough for Milwaukee, the shop where her husband Beau works silently on his current project, the chickens running about, and then the garages, huge spaces, with the Cadillac, the Lincoln stretch limo (vanity plates, Le Blanc on the floor mat, the wet bar and television), the fleet of dune machines, plus two for working in rock, her son's collection of hot cars and old trucks. Everything is covered with dust and seems almost forgotten—objects seized and left aside like old toys. The \$40,000 dune buggy with the Porsche rear end and twin turbos. It too is covered with dust. The alcohol-burning

a beer, talk loudly, celebrate. The desert waits. That is what it always does. A brief flicker. For me, of course, the spot will be an eyesore every day of my life and for decades thereafter. I will lament about how easy it is to scar the dry ground and how long the wounds persist. But this is human talk and has nothing to do with what takes place here. Katie has the blue ice diamonds, Beau has the \$40,000 dune buggy, but the wind pouring off the sand with a furnace's breath, the desert, the godforsaken badlands, has the future and is all the God we are likely to meet. Or need.

And now Katie and Beau want to sell. They are asking \$1.5 million down, \$5 million total for the corner and the store. She has advertised in Japanese newspapers—"They have the money now, honey, they will buy anything."

We move to leave. She asks, "Where you headed?"

"To the dunes, we are going into the dunes."

"Where will you sleep?"

"In the dunes."

"You can't," she says, "the snakes



green, the flies are a plague (retiring only at night to turn the late shift over to the mosquitoes) and the earth is in many ways sterile. No rats, no mice, no prey.

We walk through the 114-degree heat and stop at a small store. The sign says closed and inside I see the owner sitting at the bar sipping a beer and staring off into space. We throw down our packs, lie in the shade, and he swiftly appears. He says this is a business, not a public park. The eyes are small and full of disappointments. A thermometer over the door stalls at 112 degrees. We buy some pop and he mellowly slightly. He is closed all summer long—he bought the place two years before. Why do you close in the summer?

"Because," he snaps, "there are twenty fucking people in eight fucking square miles."

The emptiness.

For miles and miles we see no one. The fields are perfect, the houses tidy and sheltered by trees, the earth all but silent. Finally, we hit a sign of life—new ranch-style home, wrought iron fence, two fierce German Shepherds patrolling the yard—next to a big lot full of machines. A man works on a tractor. Can we sit in the shade of your tree?

"For how long?" he demands.

"Fifteen minutes?"

He nods.

A few miles more and we come

upon a rundown house. Three Mexican men work on a car, the lot is full of wounded machines. We walk up and ask for water, pointing to the faucet in the yard. No one speaks English. A man walks up, says nothing, takes my bottle and disappears. He returns with a jug of ice water.

The sun fries my brain, I stumble along, the fields are empty, achingly empty. A store looms off to the side and we stagger over. Our feet hurt, our minds skitter, and we crave fluid. We enter. The bar is lined with tattooed men wearing denim vests, big knives strapped to their legs, pistols stuffed in their pockets and wallets secured by chains with the girth of logging cables. I look down at my shorts shouting GLAMIS DUNE DOLL, consider my cap which displays a .45 crossed with a .38 and the words REDNECKS FOR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

I decide I am dead.

A woman shoves out the long necks; her T-shirt invites: "Good Girl? Bad Girl!" She is very skinny, the hips lean, breasts small, the face rough with life, and sour eyes tell everyone her smile is a lie. Her kid, around four or five, raises hell on the floor and in between opening beers she gives the boy a steady stream of corrections. It seems he has done nothing right and never will. She eyes me like a piece of meat and I can tell by her expression that I am not prime or choice.

A huge guy weighing in at around 300 pounds leans toward her and wonders if she'd like to party tonight. On his arm is a large tattoo advocating INDIAN POWER. His name is Brew, he wears a ponytail, has the regulation pig sticker lashed to his leg and a .38 Special stuffed in his back pocket. He is from a reservation near San Diego and is a Diegueño. How do you spell that, sir? Fuck, I don't know. I do not ask him his dreams.

The back bar hosts jars of long deceased eggs and sausages ground from hogs during the presidency of Millard Fillmore. Brew hails from heroic stock: his ancestors attacked the mission at San Diego within a month of its founding and were noted by the despairing priests as proud, boastful, given to quarrels and hard to handle. Brew is a little weak on the tribe's history, but he noticeably brightens when I mention the '49ers who sometimes croaked in these hostile sands. He came to the Valley three years ago to kind of hide out for a few months. He drives a tow truck and his eyes are filmed over from an afternoon of dedicated drinking. His T-shirt celebrates The Grateful Dead.





The leader of the pack is simply Larry, who explains there is nothing out on him except maybe a warrant for cat torture. He is forty-something, clad in Levi's, T-shirt, cap, the face a beard, a fat gut slopping over his belt and a fif-

teen-inch Bowie knife on his hip. He frowns at my beverage, a jug of Gatorade. The Snickers chaser does not help my standing.

His son sidles up to discuss a blown head gasket and Larry proudly announces that the boy was twenty years old before he concluded he had raised the baby and not the afterbirth. We go back into the empty fields. About a mile down the pike, Larry roars past with a young girl on his bike. His face is a stern mask, the eyes blacked out by sunglasses and he does not wave. He is doing Marlon Brando in "The Wild One."

I awaken sometime the next day in a motel in Brawley. The town was laid out in 1902 by the Imperial Land Company. They'd bought the ground from an L. A. banker, J. H. Brayley, and proudly told him they were going to name the community after him. He strenuously objected. So they made the Ya W and the result is Brawley. About twenty thousand people call the place home and main street is a monument to the late twenties and early thirties.

The Valley, too, began with dreams. Oliver Meredith Wozencraft was thirty-five when he rode out of Yuma in May 1849 and went for the gold. Around present-day Brawley, he fell from his saddle and went into delirium. "I felt no distress whatever," he noted. "I was perspiring freely and was as limber and helpless as a wet rag. It

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was an exhilarating experience.... It was then and there that I first conceived the idea of the reclamation of the desert." A man came by with a water bag, Wozencraft was rescued and spent the rest of his long life pitching the idea that eventually became a reality: pouring the waters of the Colorado River onto the low, inland desert.

But dreams end. The voices on main street say the town is stagnant and needs some light industry, that the big growers all live in nice houses in the southwest corner of Brawley and don't give a damn about it growing and control everything and keep the place stale. And there is nobody out on the land, just machines and hay, and that means there is nobody to come into town and buy things. The east side of town, just across the tracks, is the Mexican end.

"Mexicans?" one woman offers. "They do everything. They'll sweep, they'll clean. If you got a job, the word gets out."

The problems are kind of simple. Salt keeps killing the fields, and then one tiles the fields to drain off the salts and the Salton Sea keeps getting more polluted and New River just west of town has just been called the dirtiest river in the world by "Sixty Minutes." One woman chuckles, "You sit by New River awhile and you can see just about anything float by." As a bonus, Mexicali pours its sewage into the stream. A farmer weighs in, your basic Imperial Valley, 160-acre man—he tills 19,000 acres—and he sketches the season to date: "The beet people made money, early melon people made money, hay people held steady and Sudan grass people went to hell in a handbasket."

I attend to my wardrobe—I have walked right through my socks—and enter Ellis's: Ready To Wear For the Entire Family, Since 1915. Mitchell Ellis is sixty-two, has skin like fine paper and a soft, sad voice. He has been running the family business since 1948.

Ellis mentions the town's dark legend, Dr. Ben L. Yellen, M.D. Around the corner is his office—Physician, Surgeon/Medico, Ciriujano. He is in his late seventies now, but fifteen years ago he was elected to the city council and put forth a simple idea: enforce the 160-acre law limiting the size of farms. He said the big holdings were choking the town to death and that small farms would produce people and people would mean business for main street. At meetings, he was hooted down and

some locals think it is a wonder he wasn't killed. Now he is a ghost in the town. The medical office is closed—he was recently stripped of his license and is fighting for its return—and no one is sure where he can be found.

I chase him like a ghost around town. The library offers up a folder of yellowed clippings. A barber tells me he may be at the senior citizen's center. I walk into a bar, the sign neon, the interior a monument to drunks of the 1930s. A shuffleboard table lines one wall and dedicated boozers, all Anglos, drain their whiskey in a bath of country music. The good doctor's office is across the street but where is he? No one knows and who cares. The woman tending bar smiles a lot and that helps. I can taste the past in here and yet sense the place has no history. That is why Ben Yellen is forgotten: He tried to rise up in Brawley and join history. And this is not the place for such activity. That is a fact of the West, the place said to have a rich history, one which no-

body cares to remember.

Of course, Ben Yellen lost his fight, just as the farmers will lose theirs to the relentless desert and the salts that slowly strangle the fields. At this end of the Imperial Valley the land is going increasingly into hay and after that there is maybe barley and then you run out of crops that can stand the salt in the soil. There is an air of death on this landscape, and each trickle of the Colorado River brings the end nearer.

The Valley has 458,386 acres drinking off the flow of the river and throws off a song of American appetites. This is the place for beans, black-eyed peas, broccoli, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, celery, collards, cucumbers, corn, eggplant, endive, fava beans, fennel, garlic, herbs, lettuce, melons, mustard, okra, onions, parsley, parsnips, peas, peppers, radishes, rutabagas, sesame, spinach, squash, sweet basil, Swiss chard, thyme, tomatoes, turnips, and water lilies. Come here for artichokes, asparagus, grapefruit, lemons, oranges,

tangerines, dates, grapes, guar beans, jojoba, palms, peaches, pecans. For alfalfa, barley, Bermuda grass, clover, cotton, rape, rye, sorghum, soybeans, Sudan grass, sugar beets and wheat.

Benjamin Harris and his party move through Brawley and see desert. They are starving to death and about to die of thirst. The parched corn sticks in their throats and the beasts look at them with envy as they devour the feed. They cannot see the town, hear the trickling of the water in the ditches, eye the endless fields of straight rows.

The Imperial Valley holds the ultimate American terror—complete victory in all its attendant emptiness. The dreamers are gone.

Brawley is a leaden cloak that hangs off the shoulders of the residents. I slowly grasp the fact: A century of American energy, hundreds of millions of dollars, giant canals, big dams, and the busy federal bureaucrats have created a zone of boredom, hay fields, unemployment, and resignation.

The sun is slowly starting to set as Gloria goes to work. She is twenty-three and leans against a car fender slurping a huge Pepsi. A pickup rolls up, she pours into the open window, there are quick words but no agreement, the truck speeds away. On her wrist is a six inch scar—"I got in a gang fight when I was fourteen. I won. The operation cost \$6,000." She is heavy from her recent pregnancy, a girl born in February, and her arms and face are studded with tattoos: blue dots on her chin, both wrists and on one shoulder the name "Rebecca" for her mother and her child. The other says BROLE, the name local Hispanics use for Brawley. She says she kicked heroin and cocaine a few months back. I do not believe her. The words tumble out quickly and in a flat tone as if she were racing through her morning rosary.

She comes from a family of nine kids, her dad drives a tractor, an uncle is a bartender across the street. The face radiates intelligence and ruin and I am drawn to her. Flesh hangs off her soft frame but the eyes cut like a knife. We do not speak of the business. Her words are very tired. I want to know what she has learned but I never will. The price of such knowledge is all over her body.

I am drawn to her. We talk, a car pulls up with two Anglo kids, blond hair, radio blaring. They beckon, she ambles over, leans in to discuss pos-



John and Edith Martin. Westmorland, California.



sible business, then straightens up and walks back. They laugh and race away. She says nothing of her brief errand. I stand with Gloria in the 110-degree Brawley street as dusk seeps across the town.

"The cops?" her flat, yet soft, voice asks. "They don't bother me much, they're all rookies now and scared of the people. I'm just going to stay here and raise the kid in this heat. I left in '79 for the Job Corps. That's where I got these tattoos—I wish I could get rid of them—and I spent the time in San Diego. I came back here."

San Diego, the name spins my mind. I am strolling down the city's Fourth Avenue, the neon sign says Golden West Hotel. I look into the lobby, a long bare strip of small white tiles leading up to the forbidding desk which is festooned with big signs warning guests of all the devilish things they must not do in their rooms. Two women about thirty sit on a hard wood bench, their legs crossed. They look up into my eyes and consider whether I mean business. San Diego has always been where Americans go to escape America and find they have run out of country. It is a trap where you can sit in the sun or play racquet ball or raise flowers. You can do anything you want except matter. One year was enough for Gloria.

"I like working outdoors more than indoors," she continues. "I don't want my kid to go through what I've gone through. I don't know what I want to do. I don't want you to tell people what I really do. Tell them I make \$240 a month on welfare. How much is that an hour? You figure it out. You can divide."

It is dawn at New River and the sign says: WATER POLLUTED, DO NOT ENTER. Benjamin Harris feels differently. He is half dead and standing on the bank: "We found a river running from the left to right.... It was New River, which we had been told had not run for ninety years. The Mexicans said the miracle was especially designed for American emigrants on whose side Providence had arrayed itself...."

We stagger forward into Providence. Seven miles of flies brings us to Westmorland, a town of about a thousand souls on the edge of the Imperial Valley. This is hay country. I sit in the cafe listening to farmer talk.

The woman has large, square, rimless glasses, is forty something and moved here in May from Austin, Texas. "It's been a disaster," she confides. "My moron husband had this idea. He's been a trucker for years and the money was good but he was always gone and that wasn't so good. So he got this big idea for hauling hay and he worked at his drawing table and designed this truck that does everything—load, unload, what-have-you—and then he went and sunk a ton of money in building such a truck. So we came to Westmorland—God, just once I'd like to move to a place like Vermont, you

know. I've never been there but I've seen pictures of the trees and green and little villages—but we came here because they raise a lot of hay. But nobody here was interested because they're all renegades around here and do things their own way. Then he found another hay area and they liked the new truck but it didn't matter because the haying was over there, so there was nothing to haul. Now he's doing charcoals of World War II fighter planes and a friend of his says he'll fly them around the country and help sell them. Which is fine because I can sell furniture and clothes and lots of things, but I can't sell art. I don't know art, I don't understand artists. I appreciate art, sure, but I don't know how to sell it."

So they are in a dead stall. All the money is tied up in the truck, and no one wants the machine and so she sits there for hours, smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee, and composing a letter to the folks back home.

I wander down to Back Street, the old whoring district of the town. Forty years ago, when the fields were garden crops instead of hay, the town was surrounded by Filipino work camps, and on the weekend the men came in and wanted women—"Those Filipinos," one local chuckles, "they were a gold mine. They'd come in about thirty seconds." A merchant in Brawley made a tidy sum selling the women cases of slippers with little pom-poms on the toes. An earthquake in April 1978 (6.3 on the Richter scale) toppled all but two of the old brothels.

John Martin, eighty-one, and his wife Edith, eighty, remember those days well. "The girls," the old man explains, "would come up once a month and pay the cops \$50 or \$100—it was listed as a fine."

We are sitting out back on the porch. It's about 110 and Edith walks down to the garden and comes back with fresh grapes from her arbor. She helped out at the houses. "I remember one madam, Carol, real well. She wore a shift, nothing but a shift, and owned land around UCLA. She typed scripts, too, for Hollywood. My she loved her cats and birds. I helped in the tailor shop and we bought bolts of satin. The Filipinos loved the feel of satin. The girls had new dresses a couple of times a week. We cut out maybe ten or fifteen dresses a day. The girls had to stay on Back Street, but they could come down to the beauty salon one day a week."

She cannot stop now. The past stands there with us in the boiling air, a bony hand extends and caresses our faces, the air is rich, perfumed, and woman.

"I saw one madam bring in two girls from Louisiana—neither was more than sixteen—and they had hair down to their hips and the Filipinos loved to get their hands in that hair. I remember Shirley. She was murdered down at the White Wing Court. She drove a huge car and she kept her boy

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in a private school in L.A. She was yellow—it's funny, her mother was black as tar, and her boy was black as tar, but she was yellow. Shirley was beat to death. Nobody ever investigated. It looked like she'd been beat with fists.

"The Filipinos are gone now. And so are the whores. But it was something back then. Every year the Filipinos got out on the bridge at the edge of town and stopped traffic for the March of Dimes—one year they raised \$2,000. They'd turn it all over.

"Nobody ever raided their cock fights."

Back Street is boarded up. The White Wing Court is now a tumble-down motel packed with old cars that

haven't been washed in years. The main street rumbles with semis hauling loads of hay from town. Outside the cafe sits the hay truck designed by the man from Texas, the truck no one wants.

The sun starts to lose some of its fire and we walk out of town. To the west we see the desert and mountains beyond. Mosquitoes devour us and we yearn for the desert. Ben Harris and his men are full of water and hope, but the desert does not cheer them. "We got a direct view of the mountain foothills," he jots down, "wearing an appearance more sorrowful than I ever dreamed nature could express."

We walk fast, stomping our way

out of the Valley. No hawks, not a single hawk. At 9 p.m. the fields end and we throw down our bags on raw earth and listen to the whisper of the creosote.

A sheet of flame rises off my ankle. The tendon is going. The desert has been kind: I am being butchered by the highway, by the slant of the pavement. For the past day or so, I've walked the road, always the same side of road, and now this persistent angle is ripping apart the fabric of my joint. By the time I realize what is happening, it is too late, I cannot contain the damage. I begin to limp. The heat is, we move through it, we drink water, we belong. The flies are gone, they've stayed home in the Impe-

rial Valley along with the mosquitos. Off to the right, the Salton Sea sits like glass and around us there is creosote, an ocean of greasewood.

We are entering Cahuilla country, an umbrella name for the various bands that used the mountains to the west, used the palm groves huddled in the canyons, and during moments when water seeped into the sink, used the Salton basin. The sun is a white force. The mind glazes over and tumbles through new contortions. Everything starts with darkness, a sweet darkness and then a wonderful singing comes forth from the blackness. The darkness divides into two forms, male and female, and then come the colors, red, white, blue, brown. Language fills the air, Cahuilla, the original tongue of all human beings. That is how it begins for the Cahuilla people.

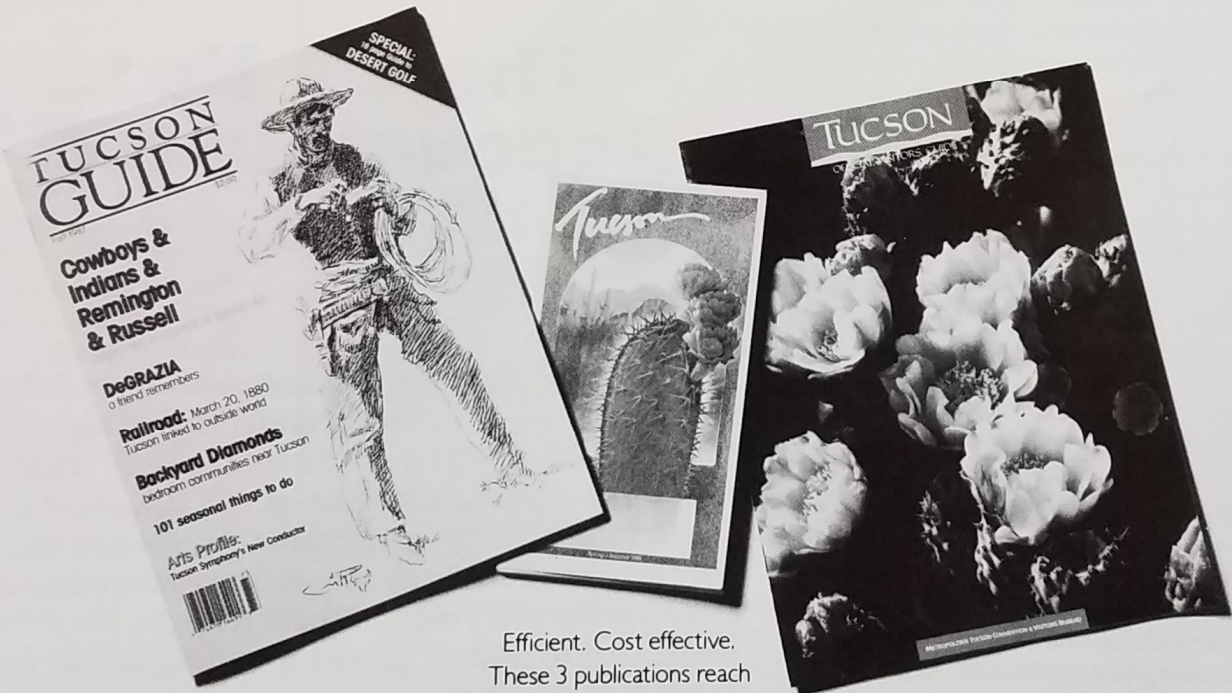
They are dreamers too. The young men in the rite of passage taste of the Jimson weed—*datura*—and bring back visions. Sometimes the dose is too high and men die. It seems once no one in the Southwest had much time for anything but dreams. Harris is feeling better now. He and his friends have fled the desert for the foothills to the west. They find an old man and then the old man gives a command and the Indian women dance, the bare feet pounding the ground in unison. They chant and the Texans find the whole thing ridiculous. The feet continue to pound.

We walk off into the 1 p.m. heat. This is the prime time. The land goes flat, the light crushes everything, the asphalt boils up through our shoes. The Salton Sea just sits there, a cauldron of all the poisons we can dump on the land of the Imperial Valley. It is a fiasco, a sea where the fish are thought by some agencies to be too toxic for human consumption—America's dead sea, but one lacking the legend of a Christ.

Salton City arrives at dusk. We are empty, drink four beers in a few minutes and sleep in a vacant lot. There are many. Twenty-seven years ago Salton City was launched and it is still waiting to leave the dock. It is the basic Sunbelt real estate dream, a dull plat of vacant lots owned by absentee owners, each waiting for the other guy to build the first house. In the winter, a couple of thousand snowbirds drag their campers here and squat. In the summer, the sun takes the land back.

The last time I am here it is the early sixties, I have fled the house, am sixteen or seventeen, and we lie drunk on the beach by the Sea. We are hauling an old man to Los Angeles. He is a juicer, a dishwasher fed up with the backroom toil of a Tucson cafe. He has this dream. He has read that Los Angeles is plagued by smog and in his beat-up suitcase he has the answer—the plans for a steam car. His face is stubble, his hair gray, his nose the artwork of a dedicated rummy. We sit on the sand amid a heap of beer cans. He will solve the problem. It is all in his suitcase. Dreams.

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The heat takes us down. Cars whiz past, blind to our presence. We are the danger, the man by the road who will kill the men, rape the women, carve messages in the soft flesh with the blade of a dirty knife. There is no shade, the sun flows in waves across the ground. I clamber down into a wash, crawl into a small culvert and curl up in the cool darkness. The stove lights, a hot cup of coffee pours down my throat. Flames explode at the end of the tube where the desert incinerates in the afternoon. I could live here forever.

Ten miles brings us to Desert Shores, another retirement haven waiting for the future to arrive. The tendon now sizzles for about fourteen inches along my leg. I drag the foot. I am finished and I know it, a victim of the American highway. The cafe is pleasant, cool, and I drink iced tea by the barrel.

At first the man does not speak, and then we stumble into a conversation. He is a big man, perhaps six-foot, five-inches, and solid, and wears his fifty some years with a certain zest. He came out of West Virginia and served twenty-two years in the Navy. Three tours ('67, '68, '72) as a field adviser to South Vietnamese troops took its toll.

"If you think the Vietnamese don't value life," he says, "try and kill one." My leg is screaming.

I disappear into the rice paddies of Nam. The man is in that mood, the one where he is not talking to me, he is just talking and my job is to be the perfect stranger who will hear his tale and then vanish from his life, the person he can speak to about his dark thoughts and yet never have to face again.

He arrived in Vietnam in the morning, was sent out on patrol that day with troops from the South Vietnamese army and did not come back for 106 days. That first year he spent 277 days in the paddies and jungle, plus 33 more in the hospital with wounds.

"I remember one time I was wounded in '67 and the Doc said, 'Well, I can get my knife and needle and thread and fix the wound. That's easy, it's right out of the book. But I can't fix you that easily.' And I knew what he meant."

He would be the only round-eye, and for weeks his life was the villages. His men did not understand the war or democracy or South Vietnam. They understood the village. They would ask him, "What is Saigon?" His first tour ends in Saigon and he is to leave in the morning. Tet begins, he is in the streets, for seven days and nights the war comes to town, and he cannot get out. He fears his number is about up, he can feel death touching his shoulder. He has been here too long. His buddies commandeer a jeep, they roar out to the airport brandishing their weapons. He climbs aboard a cargo plane. He is alone—the rest of the passengers are in body bags. He weighs 160 pounds.

Fishermen keep coming into the cafe, their caps announcing they'd

rather be out on the sea. They drink coffee and smoke and the Navy man from Vietnam keeps talking. He does not fish. He lives by the sea now and he watches. He is retired. And he watches. The fires have not all banked. He hates the Border Patrol, their roadblocks gnaw at him. He fought a war so that he could come home and be stopped by goddamn roadblocks? The Border Patrol are a bunch of amateurs walking around with loaded guns. He remembers a time in Yuma back in 1976.

"I was there for one of those businessman seminars—I was out of the service and setting myself up. And we broke for a snack that evening before we went into our night session. I walked up the stairs and turned down the hallway toward my room and there was one of those Border Patrol guys—you know they have like these SWAT teams—this guy standing there all dressed up in camouflage and face paint and an M-16 in his hands and something snapped in me, you know, and I grabbed that carbine and slammed it against his throat—he later told me he figured he was dead—and I jerked it back and was fixing to bayonet him—it didn't have one, but it did in my head—when the two guys with him yelled something and that brought me out of it. The two guys with him were outfitted too and had M-16s, but they hadn't even reacted to what I was fixing to do. I told them, I said, you silly sonsabitches, you got no right to go around this way if you can't even react."

He talks evenly and only when he gets to the incident at Yuma does the voice rise and fall. He is finished now. He has said what he needs to say. And he goes, leaving me in the Colorado desert with the mist off the rice paddies hanging around me. I am suffocating.

I look west out the window at the nearby mountains. Once there were grizzly bears up there and the Cahuilla called the bears "great, great grandfather." When they came upon one they would speak softly and urge the bear to retreat farther into the mountains and hide so that no harm could come to it. Harris is somewhere off in there now. In the early morning light he sights a gray mass in a tree. He raises the rifle, fires, and out topples a bird with a nine-foot wing span. Benjamin Harris has slaughtered a California Condor.

A few hundred yards to the north, the vineyards of the Coachella Valley begin. The desert is over now. There is sun but soon there will be orderly rows and the stench of chemicals. Everything is organized. A few miles back in the desert there was a billboard: DEVELOPMENT NEEDED.

The strip towns come on now—Indio, La Quinta, Palm Desert, Rancho Mirage, Cathedral City, Palm Springs. My ankle has swollen to generous proportions. I hitch. I look out the truck window and see the final dreamland of my nation, the place where presidents

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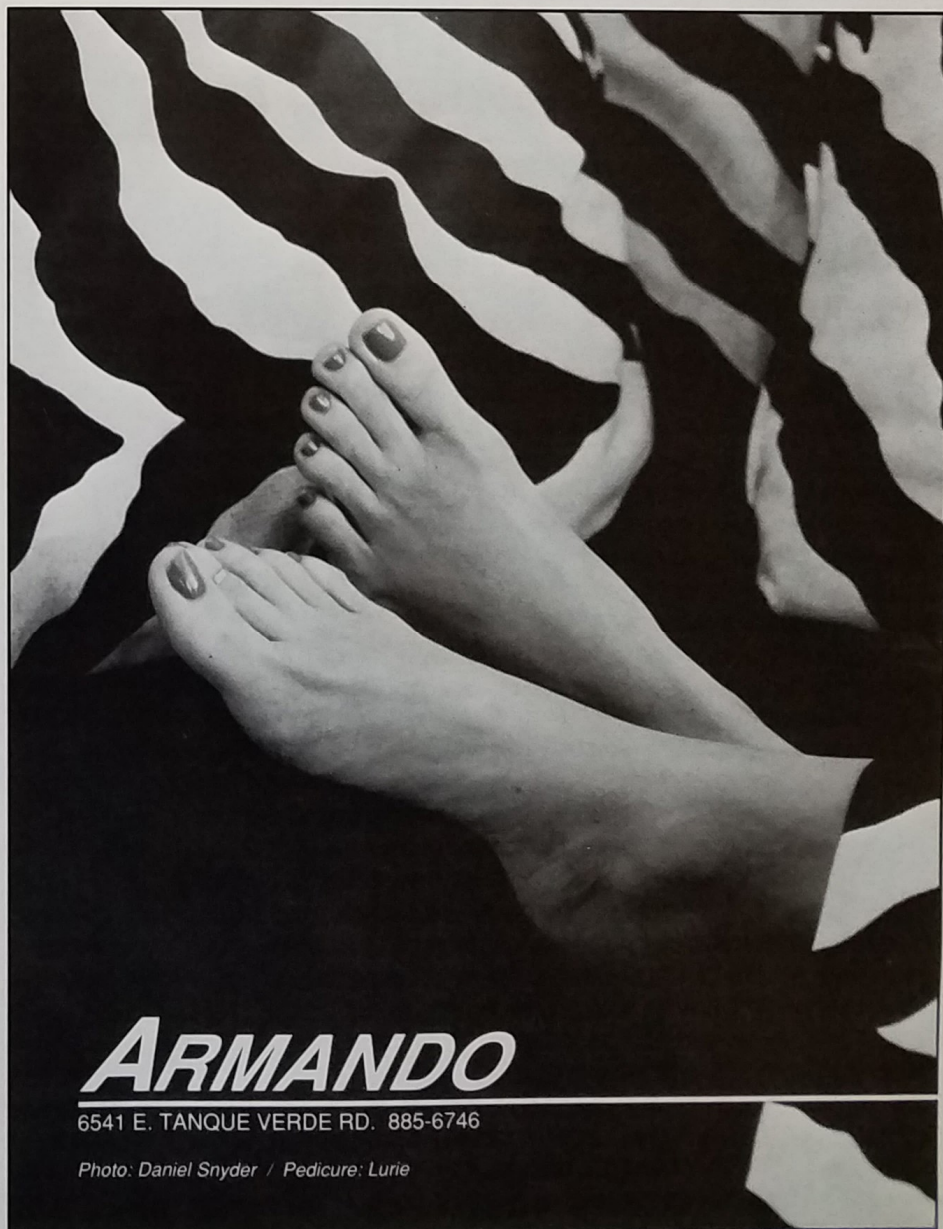
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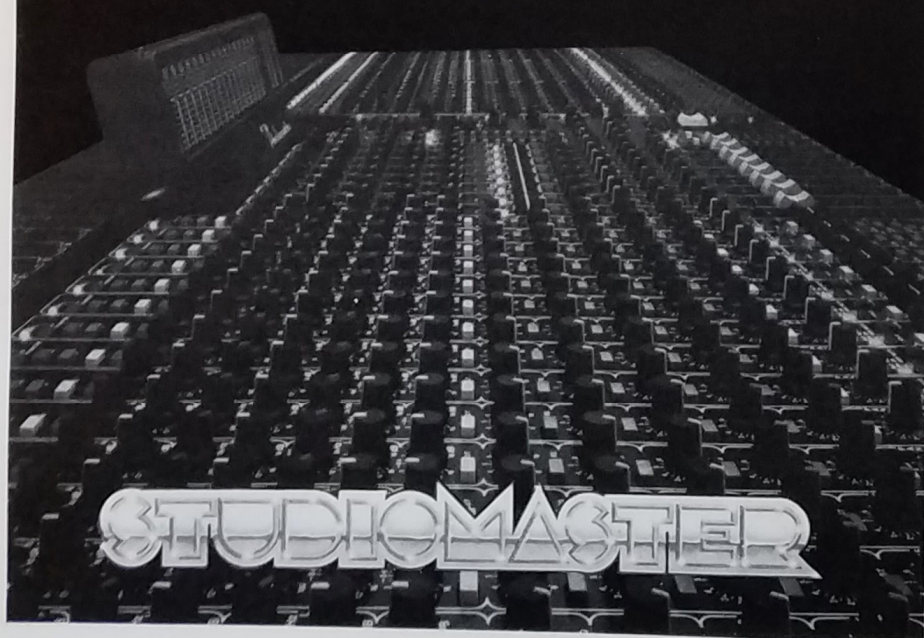
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Bob Hope's huge ugly house—kind of like the world's fattest butterfly—stares down from a ridge. Sinatra has a street named after him. This is the trophy case for my America. I talk to a hack, nine years driving limos for the stars, and he drifts off into a tirade about Jack Lemmon. A slob, a drunk, a piece of meat. Now Wayne, the Duke, he was class, and the guy grows misty-eyed at being the driver for the last bout of true grit, Wayne's eulogy for American hungers, "The Shootist." My ears grow large, I teethered on John Wayne movies.

I am sitting at a table by the pool of the Spa Resort in Palm Springs. This is Agua Caliente country. A Cahuilla band once used the hot springs for voyages deep into their minds. Now the band has divided their land, leased it, some to become very rich, some to lose everything, and the hotel encases the tribal waters in cement, marble and stone. People sun by the pool like racks of drying fish and there are no Indians in sight. There is Bob. He is thirty-three, bearded and a tech for Motorola down here to computerize the sprinkler system at a local golf course. We drink Coronas and Bob talks. He is the Age of Aquarius marching along smartly in the Age of Wall Street. I have come out of the desert starved for dreams. And now I meet a dreamer and find this stuff is different in the eighties. It has moved from the loins to the place that knows no flesh.

"I go to the meeting of the Rainbow people every year, every Fourth of July, and each year it's in a different state and every year at the end of the meeting everyone gets in a circle together and picks the next state and place, and you have to hitch, you have to suffer when you go, you have to purge yourself to get in the right place, and when you're in the right space, then you get there. Like one year I hitched across the United States and in Wyoming I got in a truck with a drunk in this raging rainstorm and two or three times I wanted to get out. I thought I was going to get killed, but I didn't and then I just couldn't stand it anymore and I got out and walked into this cafe and there were two girls there and they were going to the Rainbow meeting too, and until then I didn't even know where it was being held. Like I said, you gotta purge yourself and get in the right space."

It is 5 a.m. and I wait by the mineral spring. The walls are gray, the spring a blue eye surrounded by chaise

lounges, the water 106 degrees. Harris has crossed into the Central Valley, eaten elk, gotten wolfish from his meat diet, and is zeroing in on the gold fields. He will arrive there in September.

The moon hangs over the San Jacinto mountains. Long ago a woman came to the Cahuilla and taught them many things and was beloved and then she left and became the moon because the woman was a goddess. That is all past now, of course. The Cahuilla are local landlords, have lost the language, and across the street is the Patencio Office Building, named after one of their last great singers who took the old songs to his grave with him.

The drift of things became obvious a long time ago. Juan Manuel was a great Cahuilla leader and he threw his lot in with the Americans. In February 1863 he died of smallpox in the nearby pass where the Interstate pours the traffic of the continent into the L.A. basin. No one buried him. Pigs and dogs ate his corpse.

He is not remembered.

I eye the blue water. The Cahuilla had this notion about the moon in a certain phase, when it lingered at daybreak and could be seen upon the water. That at such moments if you dove for the reflection it would be good luck. I am poised. Beyond the spa wall, the rumble of garbage trucks floods the air, punctuated now and then by beeping as they back up. I can see the moon framed by two palm trees on the surface of the pool. I dive, the water is fat with minerals and tastes harsh in my mouth. I surface with the moon across my face. I look up at the goddess. Harris is full of bounce now. He jots in his journal, "If you ain't bold, you git no gold." The harbor at San Francisco is clogged with abandoned sailing ships, the crews having fled to the dreams of the Sierra. The last hard act of American history is about to unfold: when we run out of country, bump up against the Pacific and have to face the rough fact of living with ourselves and with this ground. A Mexican in rubber boots is hosing down the spa area. The light comes on and the moon begins to fade from the pool.

Soon it will be our dreamless age again in Palm Springs. The land will be carpeted with condos, townhouses, pleasure palaces and golf courses. The past will sink down into the sand and lie there mute and scorned. We have walked maybe 120 or 130 miles, hitched another 30 or 40. My wet suit clings to me, GLAMIS DUNE DOLL sparkles in big white letters, the hotel begins to revive for another day of sun and booze at poolside. The '49ers will retreat into lore, a motif for urban saloons, a catchphrase for American adventure. And we will be left with dune buggies, poisoned fields, hay trucks no one wants, towns gone flat and left behind by history. No one will dream, absolutely no one. It has been a long time since a fetus slipped away from the womb and went walking on the mountain, genera-



tions since the young boys drank datura and risked their lives to see through the rock and soil and heat into the dream.

We are very tired. But this is not the problem. It is the dreams. We must dream.

Before I left Brawley I could not sleep, the town weighed on me like an ancient grief, and I left my motel and wandered the empty streets. I came upon a dark building. Loud music skipped across the hard floor and in back I found a bar and disco. The crowd was young, white and Valley, the spawn of rich growers. I was dirty, my T-shirt a canvas of various naps on the ground, my hair a kind of wire encased in soil. My eyes were bloodshot. I sat at the bar and began to drink, drink very fast, one belt after another. I was desperate for the drunk. I thought of Gloria a few blocks away working the night at curbside. On the wall was a portrait of John Wayne, the Duke, and I stared into his face, a place of dreams for Americans. The bartender was a woman and she served me as one would a leper. This did not matter. If I stared at John Wayne, I could imagine the world before Brawley, the place of can-do, of futures, new diggings, new farms, new lusts, the America that was becoming, not the America that was a finished thing.

I remember "The Shootist." He is very old, an ancient gunfighter, and

cancer eats at his guts. A boy marvels that Wayne is only an average shot and wonders how he got his reputation as a killer.

"I was willing," the Duke explains. I drink my booze. Willing. I put my head on the bar and dream. The staff throws me out.

We have quit listening to the dreams. I flee the spa, the hotel staff is marshalling to kill the day with towels, cold drinks, piped-in music, various lotions for the flesh. I must run. Harris and his Texans are only a few days ahead. I can catch up. The moon is still on my face.

I am willing. □

*I'm a walkin' in the rain,  
Tears are falling and I feel the pain,  
Wishing you were here by me  
To end this misery.  
And I wonder  
I Wa-Wa-Wa-Wa-Wonder  
Why Wha-Wha Wha Wha Why  
She ran away.  
And I wonder, where she will stay,  
My little runaway  
Run, run, run, run, runaway.*

—"Runaway," Del Shannon © 1961

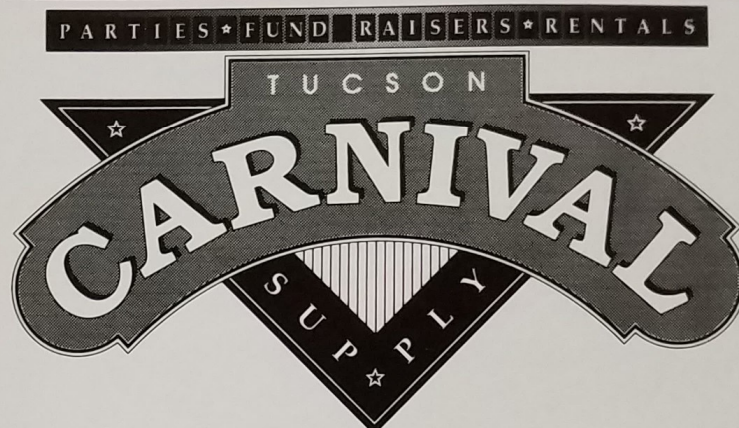
The *San Francisco Examiner* was kind enough to pay me to grill my brains in the Lower Colorado Desert. I want to thank them for their deep interest in my personal ruin.

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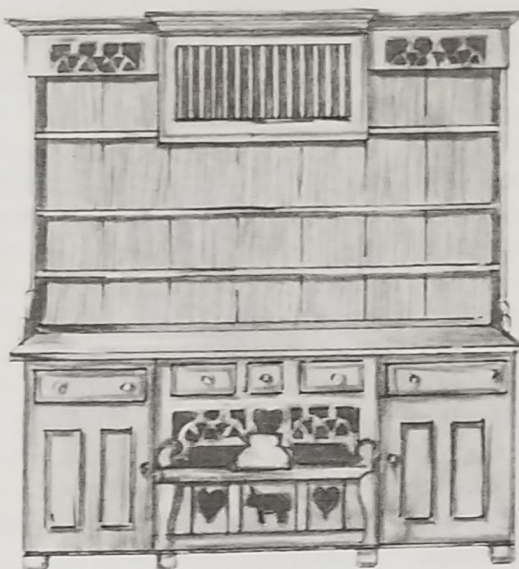
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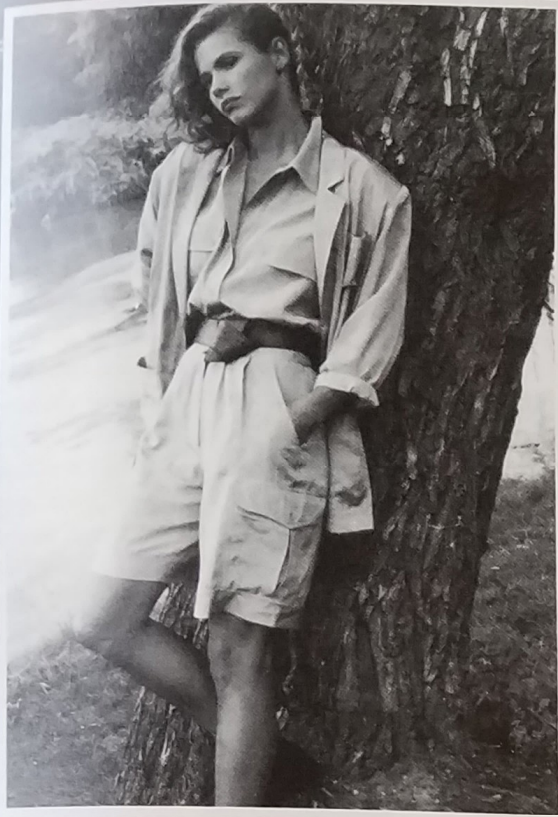
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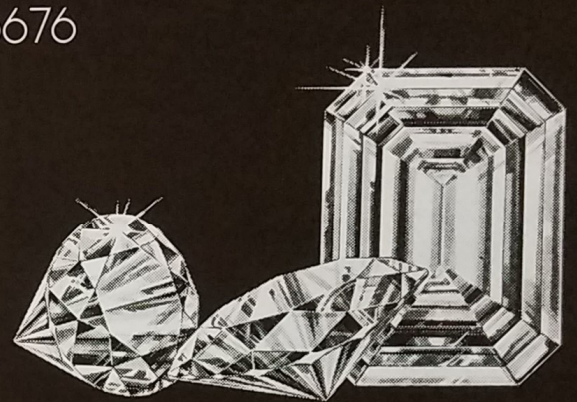
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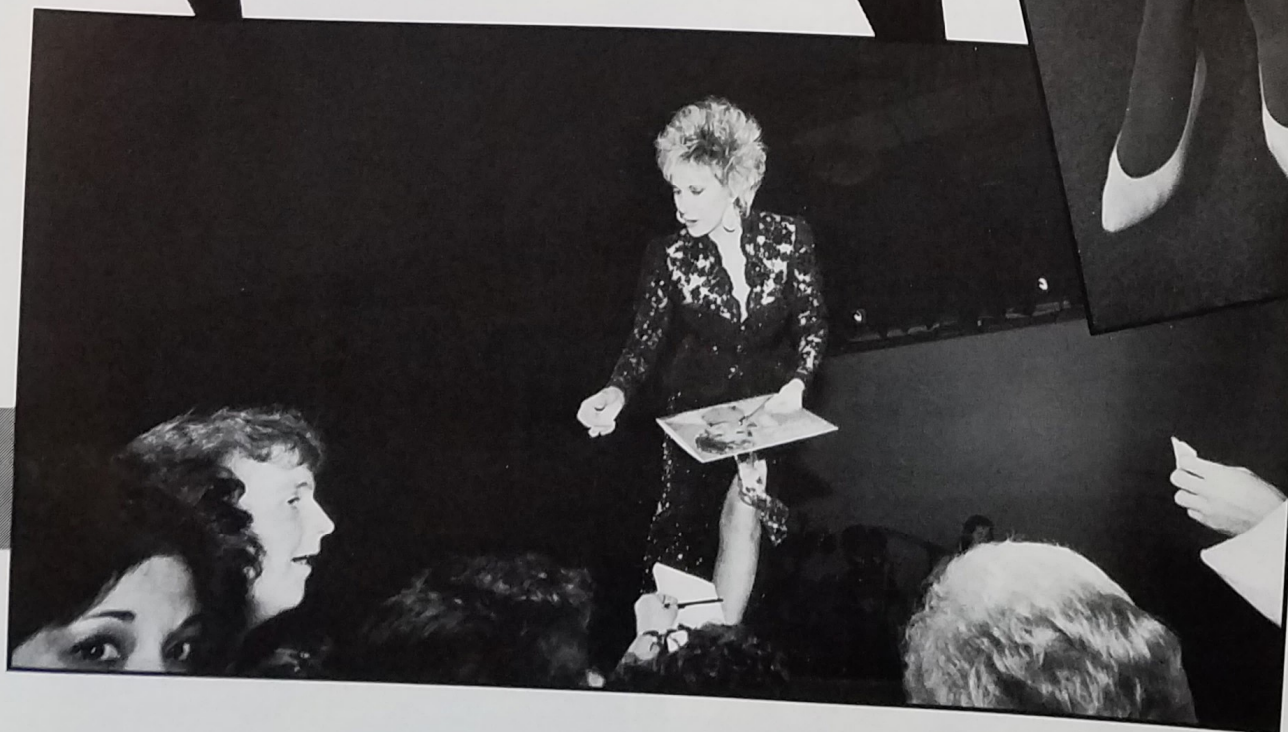
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# QUEEN OF COUNTRY COURTS TUCSON

The lady  
moving in  
next door may be  
Tammy  
Wynette.

By Laura Greenberg





After a seventeen-hour plane trip from London, Tammy Wynette, still wobbly from jet lag, stood near the stage at the Tucson Convention Center holding a pack of Marlboro 100s in one hand and a drink in a styro cup in the other.

To the rest of the world, she is the "Queen of Country," but folks here may soon be calling her "neighbor." Wynette and husband George Richey recently sold her home in Florida, and Tammy draws that she's ready to give up the ocean for the desert. Three years ago, they searched for and found a house here they liked with a price tag of \$500,000. But they delayed, and a year later the price had jumped to over a million—the owners had installed a helicopter pad and painted the house. So Wynette and Richey are still looking.

Meanwhile, she has been keeping an eye on our ex-guv. Touring earlier in Laughlin, Nevada, across the river from Arizona, she was marooned in her hotel room during the day glued to the impeachment hearings on TV. Wynette said she felt sorry for Ev, but shook her head and reflected, "Except for the things he said about blacks and women."

While she suffers the isolation of recognizable stars, she is easy-going, classy and hardly inaccessible. Before the recent TCC concert, a guy in his early twenties sat up front with a camera and talked glowingly about Tammy—recalling that his parents had

through town until Tammy spotted a handblown-glass stagecoach with eight horses and told Richey she had to have it for her dining room table. She would put it on her credit card. In a vain attempt to avoid recognition, Richey said he'd put it on his. But the shop clerk eyed Wynette, the questions began flowing and she quietly slipped out to the car. Richey quickly made the purchase, but before the car was cranked, some guy had managed to snap their picture. Tammy laughs that the last place she wanted to be "caught" was in Tombstone, Arizona.

At forty-five, Wynette's seen enough demons and sung enough blues to earn her regal title. Raised on a farm in Mississippi, she cut her first record twenty-two years ago, and a zillion songs later had completed years of a bumpy marriage with the often inebriated country singer George Jones.

Richey, now Tammy's husband of ten years, produced Linda Ronstadt's first album when she was with the Lost City Ramblers and for a time was a disc jockey at KMOP, then a Tucson country station. When Tammy needed surgery to repair some adhesions, Richey called his friend, high-powered Tucson lawyer Tom Chandler, and arranged to have her fixed up by Dr. William Casey, a surgeon at the University of Arizona Medical Center.

Tammy spends hundreds of days living in her touring bus and might need a handwritten schedule to find out what city she's waking up in, but

## Tammy laughs that the last place she wanted to be "caught" was in Tombstone, Arizona.

been friends with her, and the fish fry he'd been to at her home in Nashville. Tammy scanned her memory and her face brightened when she remembered him. Soon they were posing together for pictures.

Wynette's hazel eyes were rimmed with the exhaustion of traveling and she wore a tired smile as she handed her cigarettes and drink to her road manager, Doyle, so she can whip into a quick sound check. Suddenly she was crooning like an angel that met God in a song, moving about the stage in her everyday clothes—white high-heeled pumps, white leather miniskirt and a blue and white sweater with matching white earrings.

Her love affair with the desert started in 1977 when she began dating former Tucsonan George Richey. Attempting to keep the relationship out of media glare, they made a dash to Tombstone and Ft. Huachuca, where Richey had once been stationed.

They wandered unscathed

she knows the Baked Apple. An admitted Mexican food addict, her favorite spot in Tucson is La Fuente. Wynette allows that Mexican food is also pretty decent in West Texas and that even Nashville's is on the upswing. But nothing beats Tucson's stuff. She also loves mariachi music. For cowboy atmosphere, Pinnacle Peak is a haunt high on her list—she calls it "the place with the neckties." She takes drives in the desert, and like every good Tucson watcher she gives mixed reviews to growth. She notes that the place where they used to stay has been converted to condos. But she has been able to make it through shopping jaunts in Park Mall without being mauled.

So someday, when you're schlepping through the mall and your head is turned by a stunning green-eyed, platinum blonde with legs you usually only ogle in magazines, and you wonder, "Is that her?" your vision just might be 20/20.

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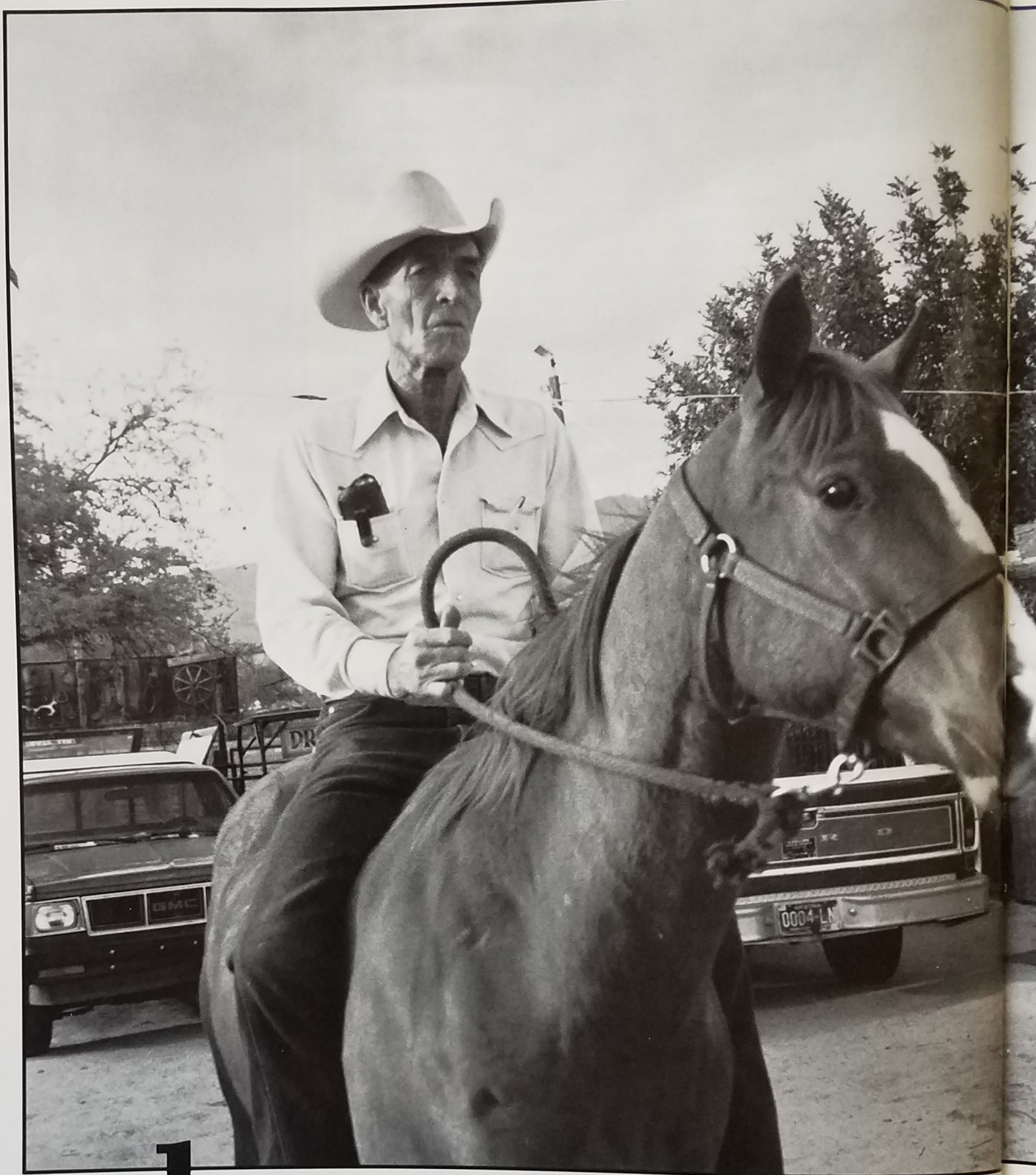


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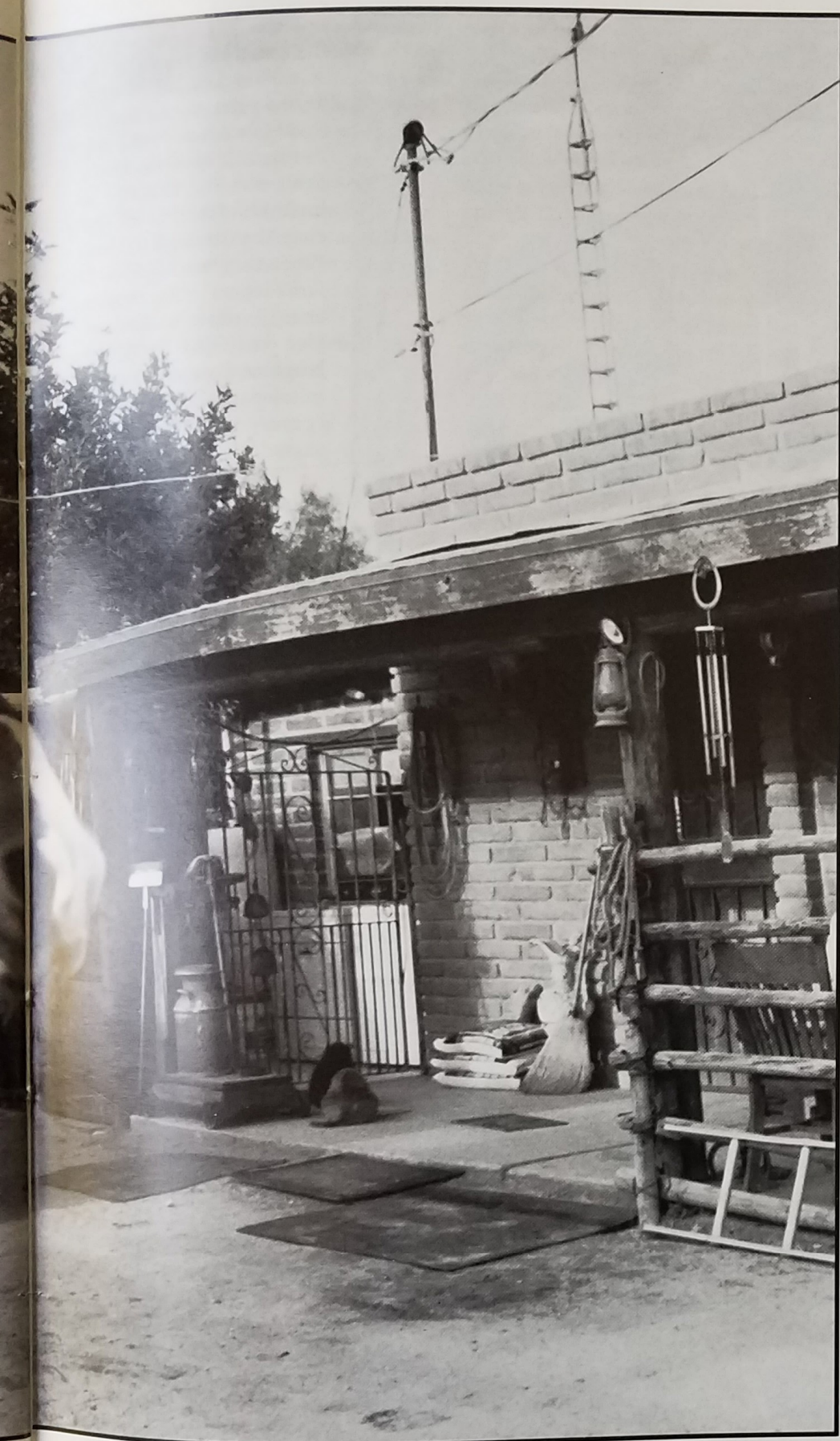
Joe W. Lawrence.

# Binghampton

You've probably  
driven through it a  
zillion times and didn't even know  
you were there.

By Susan Day  
Photography By Michael Lyon





One of the oldest and best neighborhoods in Tucson looks like a hodgepodge. The area around Fort Lowell and Dodge is a planning and zoning nightmare. Part of it is in the city; part is in the county. Pima County refers to the area as MU (Multiple Usage) on its maps. The city calls it Northside Annexation No. 2/ Mixed Use Area. But to the old-timers, it's Binghampton, a neighborhood that was once a town seven miles from Tucson.

They remember the Mormon community that once embraced both banks of the running Rillito River, a maze of waterworks, irrigated fields of bean, barley, alfalfa, melons, onions and corn. Some of the reservoirs were so big they were used for boating. There were dairy farms selling cream,

milk and cheese. (The first ice cream parlor in Tucson was opened by a man from Binghampton.) Orchards of peach, apricot and plum nestled beside winter and summer vegetable gardens. The town had a school and shops. Binghampton had a church on one side of the river and a cemetery on the other. It still does.

Millard D. Bingham, nephew of Nephi Bingham, the first settler and the man for whom the town was named, manages the non-profit cemetery for the Binghampton Cemetery Association. His wife Pearl Nelson helps him. They were born, lived, married and raised their family in Binghampton. Ten years ago Bingham retired from the Southern Pacific Railroad where he was a conductor for thirty-seven years. He is relaxing in his favorite chair in their

new home in the city, far south of their old neighborhood.

"My grandfather was a polygamist," says Bingham flat out. "His first wife had nine children and his second wife—my dad and Uncle Nephi's mother—had sixteen. When grandpa was getting real old, the family talked him into coming down where it was warm."

The first wife stayed in Utah with the older children and the second family headed south in covered wagons trading horses to Army forts on the way. In 1893 the Bingham family established a dairy at Congress and 4th Avenue.

"In 1898 my Uncle Nephi moved with his wife and six children on the place where Dodge runs into River Road. That's where my dad attended school."

Ninety years later, the little adobe school house, plastered, painted, shuttered and now attached to a private home by a wall, can easily be seen from River Road.

"A year later, that'd be 1899, one of my mother's people died. The family came to my Uncle Nephi, the oldest in the family, the leader of the clan you might say, and asked where they could bury the man. Uncle Nephi walked out north of his place 'til he came to a little cove in the hills. My dad and another man dug the grave. After that, one by one, others died and were buried there. That's how the cemetery came to be."

In 1904 Nephi Bingham moved south on some land he leased across the river, about where the present-day University of Arizona student housing complex at Columbus and Fort Lowell (Christopher City) is now. His daughter, Edna Bingham Sabin, has left this written account: "All we could see was catclaw bushes, sage brush and chaparral. The ground was crawling with rattle snakes, gila monsters, lizzards and tarantulas...."

By 1905 the Bingham family had cleared the land, planted crops and started a dairy. Friends helped them build a new schoolhouse nearby.

Alexander J. Davidson, who cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln in 1864 and fought in the Civil War, had been living in Tucson since 1870. Interested in everything from mining to dairy farming, Davidson had a college education, had taught school himself and was partial to book learning. He admired the hard working Mormons, and when Nephi Bingham came to him for help, he donated land for the school.

Charles H. Bayless, the vice-president of The Consolidated National Bank, agreed to give glass and wood for the building if the school house could be used for dances on Saturday nights. He was tired of dancing in the dirt.

From the first, the twelve-foot by fourteen-foot frame schoolhouse was called Davidson school; from the first it served as a church on Sundays and a dance hall on Saturdays.

By 1909 Nephi Bingham had persuaded eight wagonloads of friends and relatives to leave Mexico and settle by the Rillito. When Pancho Villa stepped up his attacks on the Mormon Colonies in Chihuahua, more refugees began to pour north. By 1915 Binghampton had quadrupled in size. The wooden schoolhouse had already been enlarged. Now it was cut in two and the ends were attached to a new adobe building. It became a community center as well as a church. The dances continued.

"The church owned the school until 1928 and then the county took it over," says Millard Bingham. "My wife and I and our five children went to school there."

They were lucky they lived on the south side of the river. Until 1944, when a wooden bridge was built on Dodge, school kids living on the north side had to wade to school. During the rainy season they learned to read the river. If the water ran clear it was coming from Sabino Canyon, a sure sign of dangerous quicksand. If the river ran muddy, it was full of red clay from the Pantano and it would be difficult but not dangerous to cross.

The old adobe schoolhouse south of the river is the most disguised landmark in Binghampton. It continues to be used by children as the auditorium of TUSD's Davidson Elementary School on Fort Lowell Road.

"Right around 1927 we almost lost the cemetery," says Bingham. He runs a hand through his fine shock of ivory-white hair and shakes his head. "A real estate developer, name of John Murphey, had got hold of all the land north across the river from Sabino Canyon to about as far as you could see going west. Maybe a thousand acres. More. He'd picked up the parcel that held our cemetery. He told our people that they had to move the graves. Remove the remains. He owned the land, it was his."

"I remember the day they announced it in church services. Were people upset? They were. Real upset. Finally it was decided that a man by the name of Orrin Williams would go to Phoenix and talk to the BLM about it."

The Bureau of Land Management carved out forty acres of the Murphey parcel and sold it to the Binghampton church for \$1.25 an acre — referred to as the Pioneer Cemetery. Anyone who wants their remains to lie in the desert — no grass, just greasewood and cactus — can be brought through the gates



at 4001 North Alvernon. Nephi Bingham is buried there.

"The same year as the trouble with the cemetery we began to build the Mormon Church that you can see on Fort Lowell Road today," says Bingham. "The town had grown. We had a school, shops and over forty homes. We needed a church."

Men working with teams of horses excavated a big basement for the church and then made adobes for the building out of the dirt they hauled out.

Bingham and his wife exchange smiles. "We used to watch our fathers working there with everybody else. The church was finally dedicated in 1936, but we used it way before that. People from all over, every denomination, would come over and dance in the basement on Saturday nights."

More and more non-Mormons were moving into Binghampton.

Florence Remily Ramsower met her husband, Frank C. Ramsower, at one of the dances. For years he ran an automotive repair shop in Binghampton.

Florence Ramsower is a lovely woman and one has the feeling she has been beautiful all her life. "In 1927 we moved from a tiny town in North Dakota because my mother was sick. We came here for her health." She laughs shyly, remembering that Binghampton was much bigger than the town they came from. "Everyone welcomed us, even though we were of a different faith. We felt at home here immediately. What I remember is that everybody looked out for each other. People here showed concern without prying."

Her husband nods, "It was the same for my family too." Parvin A. Ramsower moved his family from Bisbee to Binghampton in 1935, where his children would be closer to the University where they could be educated. There was a bus service owned and operated out of Binghampton that ferried people into Tucson. The Ramsowers lived behind the grocery store they ran at the corner of Fort Lowell and Alvernon (then Maple Avenue).

"My father was very forward looking," says Frank Ramsower. He has an open friendly face. "In 1938 he opened Ram's Market at the southwest corner of Dodge and Fort Lowell and started a new concept in merchandizing called a 'supermarket.' Customers could walk

into the refrigerator for vegetables and into the locker for meat. Dad was hepped on freshness."

After a hitch in a California Navy yard during World War II, Frank Ramsower and his young wife returned to Binghampton. Tucson was booming, and there were changes in Binghampton, too. In 1946, at the Ram's Market location, the senior Ramsower opened the first suburban shopping center in Tucson. A string of shops spread north from the market. Young Frank Ramsower didn't mind helping in the store, but his heart was set on cars. He started his automotive repair shop right across the street from his dad's shopping center.

"When I was twelve and a kid growing up in Bisbee, I gathered up a whole bunch of parts and put together a Model T Ford." His blue eyes light up.

"I had four tires, but I didn't have any tubes. I worked three months at a dairy until I could buy new tubes for the car. I drove it everywhere around Bisbee."

Retired now, he still drives a restored Model T. While son Carl runs the auto shop and the boat marina in Binghampton, the Ramsowers roll along back roads with other members of the Model T Ford Club of America. They still like the feeling of being out in the country.

Orvil Kelvin Post, called "OK" or "Bum" by his friends, and "Kelvin" by his diminutive wife Gertrude, built and owned the present OK Feed and Supply store at Dodge and Ft. Lowell roads about fifty yards away from Ramsower's garage. The Posts are retired now, living on a neat little spread near a bend in River Road. At least twice a week riders line up and prac-

tice calf roping in one of their corrals.

"He used to come out to our place on the Mescal Road and rope with my brothers," says Gertrude Post, nodding toward her husband. "We did all our courting through letters. When the church told us to write letters to the missionaries, I wrote to Kelvin." Her dark eyes shine with laughter. Post was the only missionary she wrote. They corresponded for three years.

A big man now confined to a wheelchair, Post gives his wife a broad grin. "That was before we moved to Binghampton. It was a lovely little town. You should have seen it then."

In 1932 young Post was working for Pima County making roads. "I used to park my grader on a vacant lot and watch people go by with hay and supplies in their wagons. I decided to put a feed store there and sell to all those people going by. So, that's what I did. Built the whole thing together. House and store. Right there." He makes it sound easy.

Post graded roads for the county by day and made adobes by night. After he moved his wife and daughter into the house he went on working on the store.

"Here's the funny part. I couldn't afford to buy anything to sell in my store." A friend gave him a ton of hay to get started and the Post family was finally in business. Post slept in his store until he could afford to buy wood to make doors to lock the place up at night.

"The guys I worked with thought I was crazy," chuckles Post. "Maybe I was."

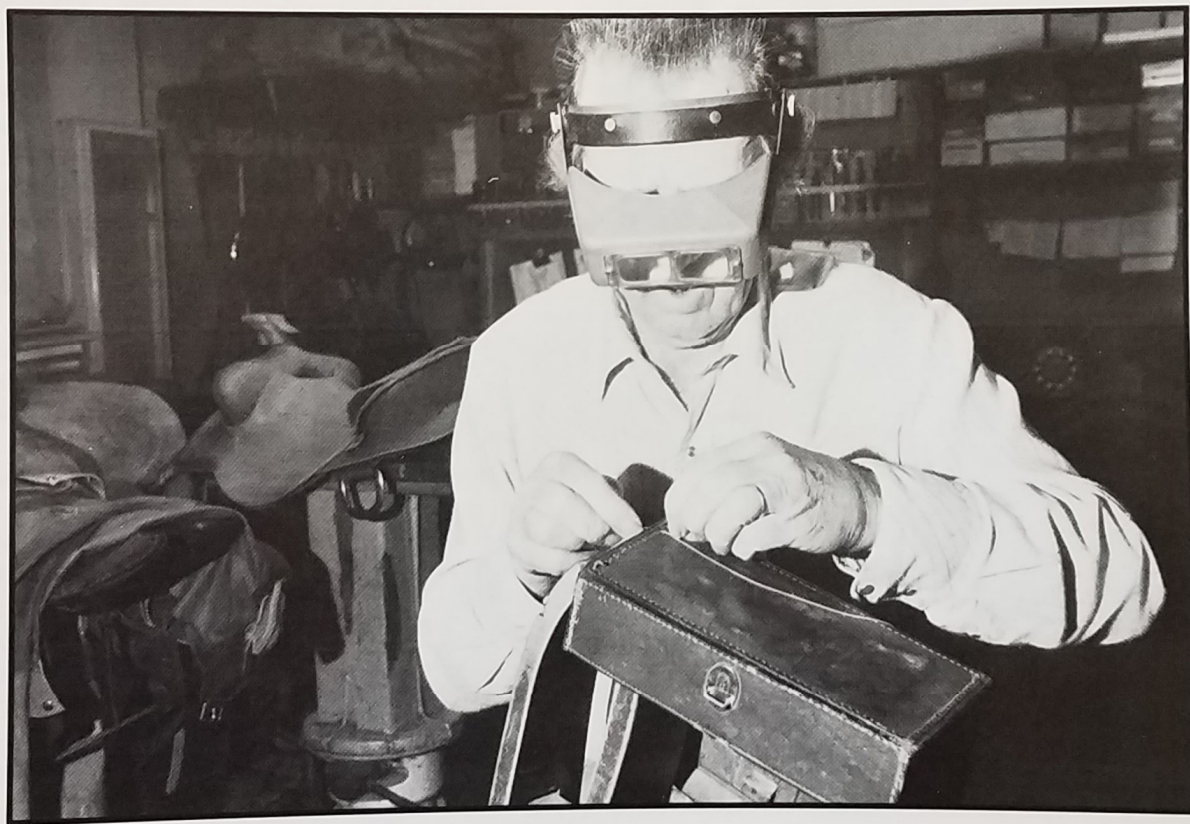
Post was still up most of the night hauling hay from Coolidge and Casa Grande, unloading in time to go to work for Pima County at 8 a.m. His wife used to take care of the store until Post quit his job with the county in 1943 and went into business "whole hog."

"People got so they thought they could get pretty near everything at my store, which they could. Feed. Hardware. Hats and Levis. Saddles, paint, nails and all that kind of stuff. One lady used to buy 500 pounds of seed a week to feed the birds."

The family went through fire and flood together. When it flooded, Post opened the doors and let the water run right on through his house and store. They had to watch two fires in the hay barn smolder for days. OK Post has a



Rose Marie Durkin (above), R. Lloyd Davis (below).





reputation among the locals as a man who knows how to handle himself. Usually it's with humor. After the second fire, a deputy arrived at his door and told him the neighbors were complaining about his mice.

"My mice?" asked Post.

The officer told him the mice that lived in his barn had left on account of the fire and now the neighbors had 'em. "The neighbors want you to do something about your mice."

"Well, tell them to bring me a mouse with my brand on it," said Post, "and I will."

In 1977, after raising a daughter and three sons on the site, they sold Post Feed and Supply.

The Posts could only sigh as they saw the cost of water rise and the orchards and fields dry up, could only shrug as they watched family homes turned into maintenance yards, tiny apartments and trailer courts. But in 1982, when Post got wind of county plans to slip a sewage effluent plant onto the south banks of the Rillito River to service water for a new resort's golf course up in the foothills, he mobilized the neighborhood overnight. Over 200 angry people met in Davidson Elementary School auditorium, the same room that had been a school house to many of them, and told the county where they could put their plant. Sewage is now treated on the property of the Westin La Paloma Resort, not in Binghampton.

In 1983 the proposed Rillito/Pantano Parkway/Freeway posed an even greater threat. The six lane divided highway routed to run along the south bank of the Rillito would completely demolish the old neighborhood. "Why don't you just drop an atom bomb on us?" hollered a gray haired man at a public meeting.

People in the neighborhood were furious. Many had spent their entire lives in Binghampton. They doubted the promises from local governments to relocate everyone in the area. Because of its beginnings, Binghampton had lived under multiple-use and suburban ranch zoning in the county. In 1974, when the city annexed the area from Country Club Road on the west, Fort Lowell Road on the south, and Richey to the east, it didn't have a comparable zoning designation. The neighborhood fought hard for some way to retain the multiple-use character of the area. The city came through with a plan that resulted in a variety of zones so people in Binghampton were able to continue pretty much as though they still lived in a small town.

No lifestyle was more threatened by the Rillito-Pantano than Binghampton's, where people stood to lose home and workplace in one fell stroke. In May of 1984, the freeway got axed at the polls by a better than two-to-one margin. Binghampton survived.

It's eight o'clock on a weekday morning. At Dodge and Fort Lowell

traffic light Jesus Nunez is opening the gate to receive another truck load of hay at the feed store where he has worked for thirty-seven years; first for Post, now for Doug Jordon. On the other side of the street by the vacant lot, eight school kids and a couple of moms are waiting to cross.

Usually the vacant lot is a calendar. Pumpkins are for sale in the fall, watermelons and bath towels in the summer, Christmas trees and firewood in winter. Today the mothers are pointed toward Davidson school but the kids are watching the men working on Fort Lowell, widening the street. West of the vacant lot, Rose Marie Durkin has been up since 5 a.m.,

opened her beauty salon just after seven and has already shampooed and set her first customer and is putting her under the dryer.

"I've had some of my customers for decades," she says, "ever since I went into business." She came to Binghampton to find a house in zoning where she could set up a beauty parlor. When she couldn't find what she was looking for, she opened her first shop in Ramsower's Shopping Center. In 1955 her customers followed her across the street into the cheerful shop that her husband Martin added onto their home. She has four employees now.

Down on Hardy Drive, past the bakery, Joe W. Lawrence, horse trader,

has finished his barn chores and is reaching for a cigarette and a second cup of black coffee. Lawrence is a tall, spare man with eyes as blue as Paul Newman's. The voice is Texas.

"Best horse is an all purpose horse off a ranch," he says. He sits at a table under a generous mesquite tree where he often conducts business and points toward a seal brown horse serenely watching him.

"Streaky is the most honest horse I ever owned in my life. Very educated. Very smart. I ride him without a bridle. Just leg commands. Streaky saved my life. I was roping on him and a 'heeler' jerked me and I was tied hard and fast. Streaky stood still 'til they cut me loose.

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He's foolproof." Streaky's not for sale. Nor is Yeller, the husky palomino whose owner told Lawrence, "He has to be put down. He's a one man horse. He'll kill you." Lawrence rides and ropes off the palomino now.

He gestures toward a big handsome bay with splashes of white over his rump. "They were going to dogfeed this horse. Said he was only good for dogfood. I bought him by the pound.... I've headed on him for years. He's a good horse. Very sagey. Very honest."

He pushes up his tan western hat. "Horse traders shouldn't fall in love with their horses like I do. I try to save every horse I can. They're just like me. I got busted up in a car wreck. I still get around. Too many horses are put down just because they can't do what they used to do. Stupid waste. You've got to look at a horse for what you're going to do with a horse."

At mid-morning on Prince Road, a block from the river, R. Lloyd Davis, seventy-one, is looking over the cowhide saddle he made. Every inch of it is handtooled with grape clusters, leaves and twining tendrils. "Some fellas think all the decoration is sissy looking," says the veteran saddle maker. "I like it.

Some of the toughest guys in history wore lace on their cuffs when they road a horse."

Twenty years ago when his arthritis kicked in, Davis moved his family from Sheridan, Wyoming, to Binghampton where he could have his saddle shop next to his home. He feels it was a good choice.

"Something like a saddle shop couldn't make it in a business location. The rents are too high. Who needs two mortgages? Two leases?" His eyebrows, like matching clumps of sagebrush, shoot up. "Besides, this way I can get a lot of work done before breakfast if I want to." Davis grew up in Mexico where his father was a teamster for the Green Gold Silver Company in Chihuahua.

"I always loved working with leather. When I was a kid about sixteen, I learned to make saddles from a man named Fitzpatrick. I don't think that was his real name. He'd been smuggling whiskey across the border. Fitzpatrick could do almost anything. He even built himself an airplane. He tried to fly it out there on the flats. He crashed the thing. Killed him."

Davis started making and selling saddles and except for a stint in the Navy, he hasn't stopped since. His wife Madeline, a draftsman graduate from M.I.T., helps him with his designs. Today, Davis and his two sons, Valdor and Bryan, sell their items of

handtooled leather to clients as far away as New York and Hollywood, as well as to working cowboys all over the Southwest.

Davis smiles his shy smile. "It's lunch time," he says. He walks out of his barn-red saddle shop and goes next door to his snug barn-red house to eat.

Early afternoon. Over on Richey Boulevard, as his wife Angelina gets up from the books to go get their two girls at school, Gary F. Serwe is finishing the

Whatever his wife September is brewing in the kitchen, the delicious fragrance is drifting into their store. "Sometimes September gets upset when people stroll into her kitchen and start pricing the pots and plates on her shelves," chuckles Walker. Walker was twenty-six when he started in the antiques business ten years ago. He read everything he could find on New England antiques and then started reading histories of the Southwest. He began

of it. Then he was on his way."

Walker squints and looks out over the branding irons past the colored bottles in the window. "When the Dodge bridge was closed in 1983, I went way into the red. Everybody along here was hurting. As long as the bridge stays open we'll be all right.

"I love living where I work," says Walker. "Sometimes people impose, but not often. I like having the kids around. A lot of parents, especially two working parents, hardly get to see their kids. I think the early settlers of Binghampton were onto something." His gray eyes are serious now. "Really, the city should take a good hard look at the way families live. All this to do over clean air? Well, we don't commute, so we don't pollute."

Rising like a lighthouse on the south bank of the Rillito River, the old Mormon silo glows pink in the setting sun. Jan E. Pearson, forty-one, an artisan who works in wood, metal and leather, lives here with his white Labrador, Osa.

"I had some people come by, knock on the door and ask if this is where people were checking out flying saucers," he says laughing. "A guy named Max Gottschalk converted the silo and it's real

liveable." There are four floors connected by iron staircases built inside the seventy-year-old silo.

Pearson works for VisionQuest, a national organization that seeks to rehabilitate lawbreaking youths. Since 8 a.m. he's been teaching classes in wood work and metal work. He spent the afternoon with VisionQuest clients, getting their wagons ready for the upcoming Rodeo Parade.

Pearson and Eric S. Gill, who grew up in Binghampton and is regarded as a philosopher by his friends, are sitting in the round living room on the second floor of the silo. The door's open to catch a breeze. Gill points in the direction of some trailer courts. "The county never should have let the trailer courts into the neighborhood," he says. "The trailer courts got us annexed. That was the start. The city's been trying to get rid of the neighborhood ever since. Apartment buildings. Lots more trailers." The 1985 Northside Area Inventory backs him up. Since 1980, the highest percentage of apartment and mobile home permits by far were issued for the Binghampton area, more than in any neighborhood between 1st Avenue and Swan Road north of Fort Lowell.

Gill crosses his arms, "This was a neighborhood of artists and craftsmen who'd lived here for years. Apartments and trailer parks don't belong here just because our zoning allows them. After annexation it's like they never took the



Jan E. Pearson

sale of a Harley Davidson. He's got a nice business selling Harleys and Harley parts. He also special orders leather saddle bags for his bikes from Davis.

"Security here's not a problem," he says glancing around his spotless surroundings. "We live here. There's somebody here night and day. The only problem I've got is that road full of potholes out there." He smooths his neatly trimmed beard. "Richey is the dividing line when it comes to fixing the street. The county says it's the city's job. The city says the road belongs to the county." He pushes back his orange baseball cap. "Nobody will fix it."

It's getting on toward four. On Dodge at the Country Emporium, while an artist friend digs into a stack of tins, Paul J. Walker is showing a tourist some black pottery bowls from Mexico. The bell tinkles over the front door and a fellow walks in looking like he just came off a trail ride. His boots, chaps and hat are covered with dust.

"I got a call back," he tells Walker. He rented the chaps to try out for a part in a remake of the movie "Red River." He's pretty sure he got the part so decides to hold onto them. Walker has rented clothes and artifacts to producers of movies and TV shows for years.

The cowboy sniffs, "What's cooking?"

"Smells like pot roast," says the tourist.

"Maybe it's soup," says Walker.

selling furniture and southwestern artifacts before it became a trend. He just sold a roomful of furniture, rugs, pots and artifacts to a homesick Tucsonan living in New York.

The talk drifts to the bank stabilization going on east of the Dodge bridge. "Everybody agrees soil cement is ugly and there's no guarantee it'll do the job. Why do we go on using it?" asks Walker. No one has an answer. He shakes his head. "Soil cement equals river rape. Period."

Soil cement is recent. The feelings about the river are old.

Walker has always lived within walking distance from his present home and store. The biggest, best place in Binghampton was the river. He and his friends built cool underground caves in the river bottom in the summer that turned into forts that they outfitted with stoves in the winter. They rode empty refrigerators down the river to the wooden Campbell Avenue bridge during the rainy season.

Walker rubs his short, graying beard, "We did everything but live in the river bed. Hobos did. We weren't afraid of them. They weren't druggies or crazies, just guys choosing another lifestyle.... One morning when I started to crawl up into a treehouse I'd made out of four old doors, I found a guy inside. He said, 'Is this your place?' When I said yes, he handed me the butt of his old cigar in payment for the use



time to see what this neighborhood was all about." The two friends climb the curving iron stairs to the top floor of the silo, a room ringed with windows, to catch the last of the sunset. The Catalina Mountains are purpling as a couple of horseback riders head into the chutes in Post's corral across the river.

It's Tuesday. They'll be setting up soon for the bingo game at the F.O.P. lodge on Dodge. Cars are already pull-

ing into the steak house parking lot across the street. The lights in the ball park go on. The whinny of a horse is answered by the whinny of another. Doors squeak open and bang shut. Looking out from the old Mormon silo it feels exactly like watching a small town getting ready to enjoy the evening.

"Ah hell," says Gill softly, "It's still the best neighborhood in Tucson." □

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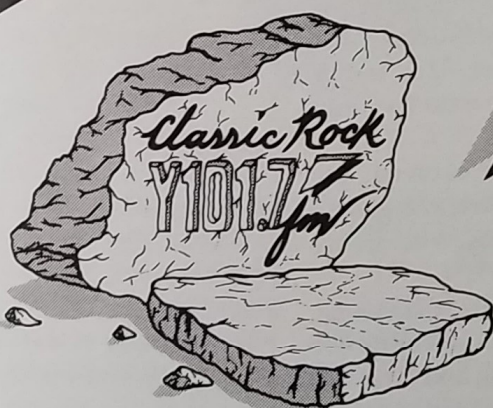
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is cool"

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than pot."

"One joint  
can't hurt."

### YOUR CHILD COULD USE ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

It's not because there's a lack of information out there. Your child is getting plenty—from the kids at school, from friends in the neighborhood, from older kids, and from countless other sources.

The problem lies in the kind of information your child is getting. What kids hear too often is that drugs are OK. What they need to hear is the truth.

This is where you, as a parent, can help. By talking frankly with your child, you can, first of all, learn where your child stands on drugs—what he thinks about them, what he knows, and what he doesn't know.

Then, once you understand your child's perspective,

you'll be in a better position to offer your own. You'll be able to talk about the dangers of various drugs. And what your child can do to avoid them.

Of course, speaking to your child like this takes a lot of courage. And to do it effectively takes a lot of homework—like reading articles, attending meetings, and talking to other parents. This way, your child will see you as a well informed source.

Your child is going to talk to someone about drugs.

Who's it going to be?

To make sure you have the right answers, contact your local agency on drug abuse.

**PARTNERSHIP FOR A DRUG-FREE AMERICA**

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Arrested  
while driving with  
100 pounds of marijuana,  
two men sit in jail  
in a western city.  
They were stopped  
at a temporary Border  
Patrol checkpoint  
less than twelve hours  
after leaving Tucson  
—a fluke inspection.  
Unfortunately for them,  
they fit a drug trafficker  
profile: driving an  
East Coast car;  
in their 20s and 30s;  
dressed casually and  
with their hair  
a little long.  
They are facing  
two felony charges:  
possession of marijuana  
with intent to distribute  
and crossing statelines  
with it. Because of  
the latter, these are  
federal offenses.  
One of these men  
was my partner.  
I turned this trip down.

# WHEN YOUR PACKAGE REALLY HAS TO BE THERE ON TIME

ON THE ROAD WITH A LOAD OF DOPE

I ran pot periodically for close to a year—five or six trips in all. The money is good and the hours are short. I have a full-time job so we leave Friday after work, drive a rental car to Chicago and fly home in time for work on Monday. Pay depends on the load, but I always return with at least \$1,000 and usually more. All expenses are paid.

There is usually less than a week's notice. It is difficult to rent a full-size car that quickly so we take whatever we can find. A conservative look is a consideration, but the trunk-size is the priority. A hundred pounds fills four to six large suitcases. I learned more about various models of new American cars than I ever wanted to know.

Cruise control is also important. You are less likely to speed and it is less tiring to drive when you can move about. We drive straight through, generally in six-to-eight-hour shifts. Originally, motel fees were included with the expenses, but we never have enough time for a night's sleep. Mainly, we just want to get to our destination as fast as possible and then get back home.

It is February and my last trip. I am packing one change of clothing—se-date yuppie—and a few pairs of socks when a friend stops by. He asks me to join him for dinner but I explain that I am going out of town shortly. He asks me where and I reply, "Phoenix." He

doesn't mention my down coat, hat and gloves on the bed and neither do I.

I also bring along thirty-six cassettes and a small headphone stereo. Selecting the trip music takes the bulk of the packing time. I listen to music most of my waking time on these trips, so now remember to carry extra batteries. The player always dies at 2 or 3 a.m. in the middle of no place, where the only radio is wispy country and western or an evangelist whose fervor fades in and out with the reception.

My last chore is brewing coffee for the thermos. I also take filters, a tin mug, and ground coffee. This is my road drug. Coffee on the road has only color and warmth.

Other patterns have evolved. We eat dinner at a good restaurant, gas up the car and buy lottery tickets before we leave Tucson.

Tonight, we get off later than usual. I drive first. The initial seventy-five miles are the most boring and I use this time to listen carefully to the engine and body noises. Though the rental agencies are quite reassuring about the twenty-four-hour towing that's part of the package, I have no desire to stop, much less open the trunk, which remains securely shut until we arrive at the city. I meditate and focus on calming down. We settle into our routine and my partner, Bill, is asleep before we hit Texas Canyon where I make my first stop. There are patches of snow here and it is already cold. I am more con-

**B Y T H E D R I V E R**



cerned though that so many tractor-trailer rigs are pulled over along this stretch. They are an important barometer cluing me to both the weather and whatever police activity is ahead.

There is little traffic and that moves slowly until 2 a.m. when the semis begin firing up and head up the highway, steadily increasing their speed.

Outside of Willcox, the Kendalls sing "Take me to Heaven before you take me home...." The DJ comes on the air stumbling and laughing through the news: inflation rising, wages falling, the trade deficit widening. I snap the radio off and brood. No cruise control, but what is worse, one of the suitcases is not in the trunk but in the car with us. This load is smaller than usual, but then so is the trunk. On these trips I spend a lot of time radiating serenity—forgetting, and having Bill forget, what we are hauling. This is the first time an unfamiliar suitcase sits on the back seat floor between our gym bags. I intensely dislike seeing this insistent reminder.

We are going up a mountain in New Mexico. The semi ahead of me begins swaying across the dotted line. The trailer is moving in a different direction and beat than the cab. I cautiously pass while a surge of adrenaline pops my eyes wide open. My heart pounds and pushes heat throughout my body. Not long after, I realize that I am very tired. Coffee, cigarettes and intense rock 'n' roll are having less and less effect. I move the heat up a notch and roll the window all the way down.

On the first trip we learned that to exceed body limits was past tough and well into stupid. Neither of us can rest deeply sprawled out over the backseat of a car continuing up the highway. The hum of the wheels resonates into your bones and through your dreams. The squandered energy is not replenished while still traveling. It is also dangerous. Once, through a section of the desert I know well, I saw a sixty-foot tree. Huge branches overhung both lanes. I noted it clearly in the moonlight for a good while. There were no trees there, not even a mesquite. After I drove under one of the limbs, I pulled over and woke my partner.

I think of this and still persist. It is just twenty miles to Deming where Bill can wake up while eating. Mostly, I feel guilty. I said that I would sleep before we left but didn't.

I miss the restaurant, and on the second pass the parking lot entrance, before I finally pull in. I am exhausted. I can no longer speak coherently and refuse to eat or even go inside. I climb into the back seat and am dead asleep before he refills the thermos and returns to the car.

*The day after Bill and his friend are busted, he calls me from jail. He tells me that the Border Patrol was the worst of them, that they are ecstatic about nabbing two "big-time criminals." When they discover the pot, they force the two men to the ground. For almost five hours, they are not allowed to urinate or permitted to put on their jackets in the pre-dawn cold. Neither has ever been arrested before. They cannot believe their treatment and are terrorized and humiliated. Talking later, they find they shared the same impulse: to grab a pistol from an officer and shoot themselves.*

Late Saturday afternoon, we make our routine stop at a large shopping

through my coat, icing my spine. It drowns out the thin voice of the operator. I will try again soon.

A half-hour later, an explosion of lights spins red and blue behind me. Bill wakes up as I veer onto the shoulder. I state hurriedly, "A cop pulled me over. I wasn't speeding. Go back to sleep." I force my arms into my coat and jam my IDs into a pocket. The emergency flashers are blinking and I blast out of the car.

I run back to open the driver's door of the unmarked car. I ask, "What's the problem? I wasn't speeding." The sheriff's hands loosely grasp the steering wheel and he is staring unfocused

especially to a cop who has just pulled them over. I wait and hope he takes my remark simply as evidence of road stupor. My face projects blank earnestness. He responds, "I know." During the brief silence, I suppress the nervous chatter bubbling in my throat. He tells me with formal courtesy that he is truly sorry he has disturbed me and wishes me a good trip.

The sheriff reminds me of my grandpa. I do not allow myself to think until many miles farther along how elated he would have been to see our cargo.

Paranoia urges me to put some distance between us, but it is late and I must call. I phone Gene from the last big truckstop in Texas and hear that he has been delayed. The airport at O'Hare is closed due to heavy fog and rain. Apprehension starts that I will not be able to get home Sunday night.

As we near the Midwest, I listen to weather reports constantly. I have been reading WARNING — ICE ON BRIDGES since Tucson. So far, the sky has been clear, but we are running in front of a storm system. We are more than halfway to our goal, Chicago, as I near the end of my second driving shift. Usually by this point exhaustion has erased much of my anxiety, but tonight they are an edgy blend. My boredom is uncomfortably strong, undiminished by the rhythm of the Pointer Sisters, Patti Austin, Robert Cray and Rosanne Cash. My body is unhappy from the cramped positions, inadequate sleep, and the continual dull tension. My eyes hate me and play tricks at every opportunity. I hallucinate—animals, people dashing across the highway. A memory of the night before flickers across my mind: following a semi with a chrome trailer that had seven lights at the top which, within twenty minutes,

smeared into a red-striped awning. I am sick of coffee and the car stinks of stale cigarette smoke even though I obsessively empty the ashtray at every gas stop. My nervousness increases crossing into Oklahoma. Immediately after the WELCOME TO sign, there is a warning: STRICT ENFORCEMENT OF SPEED LIMITS—NO TOLERANCE. This is trailed by a list of speeds with their grim fines. The minimum, one to ten m.p.h. over, is \$56. The state's lack of sympathy for motorists is even more graphically expressed a little further on by NEXT REST STOP 187 MILES. It is situated right after the re-entry ramp to the freeway from the last rest area. The next exit is thirty miles.

The road is bad, rutted and bumpy, and periodically my jaws jolt together. Weaving through a barrier of flashing amber lights, the car starts drifting off



Gil Juarez

center in Amarillo. It is a big block of white buildings with a hundred stores clearly visible from the freeway. We park near our usual entrance and enter the Saturday swarm. This is one occasion when I appreciate the charm of being an anonymous member of the mall crowd. It is also the only time I go to them. We eat, then stroll around to ease our knots and kinks. I telephone our contact, Gene, to check in while Bill calls his girlfriend. No one is there. I leave a message on the answering machine. When Bill is done, we return to the freeway.

Hours later we are almost out of Texas. I stop for coffee and to make a call. It is a small-town Saturday night with the local kids pulling in and out of the Dairy Queen. There are two public phones in town. Both are outside and unsheltered. The damp wind gusts

at the rear of my car. He looks old and quite tired. He sighs, glances up at me and asks if I stopped in Shamrock, eight miles back, for gas. I say no, that I stopped in Lela, just before that, for coffee. He sighs again and unfolds from the front seat. The wind knocks his open sheepskin jacket back and forth. He strikes a wooden match, lights a Camel, illuminating his face under a battered straw hat. He is missing a fingertip and some of his front teeth. His face hangs in wind-burned folds. He appears even wearier standing. He pushes back his hat and looks at me. "I was looking for an out-of-state, light brown Monte Carlo. A gas thief." I note that I am driving a white Pontiac—a stupid and obvious remark that could be suicidal in my circumstances. Any normal person knows their car so well that they would not think to mention it,



the edge of the road. Panic flashes that the front right tire is going flat even though I check the air at every gas stop. I remind myself I am driving in Oklahoma. They don't like pot either. I've been told that any amount here is a felony.

Something is lying on the road ahead. Instantly, I am alert. It is a large black tread mark skidding off the pavement, heading directly at a concrete bridge abutment. I am wide awake again, but it is a short rush.

Road kills have changed from coyotes and jackrabbits to occasional skunks but remain mostly dogs. A semi with a three-foot cross sketched out in yellow lights on the grill passes me heading south. We are in the Midwest.

I stop for gas in Springfield, Missouri. It is very late and the streets are quiet and drenched. The attendant chats eagerly about the ice storms they've had recently and how his truck wheels froze in a puddle in his front yard. He gestures to my plates and says, "But you must be used to that, right?" I look to see where I am from—Wisconsin—and then agree. The sky is completely overcast.

Soon, I am vigorously shaking my head to snap my sight back into focus. My eyes keep crossing. Eyedrops are no help. I stop at the next roadside cafe and wake Bill. We go in.

Food stops are fun because we stop driving. When we chance upon the rare

diner with good food, the discovery is tinged with regret, for it is not safe to stop in more than a few times and then, only at widely spaced intervals. Service is usually friendly and the locals hang out. Our car and tags are different each time. We do not want to be drawn into conversation nor be remembered.

*At the jail, Bill and his friend are interrogated off and on for twelve hours. The Border Patrol, FBI, DEA, Sheriff's Department and the county cops all want a share of this action. Bill realizes that they have been moved from holding tank to office to cell and back so many times, they have lost track of how many walls they have stared at. They do not know how many mug shots they have posed for and wonder if their fingertips will ever wash clean again.*

I wake four hours later. We have driven into the end of winter. Dirty, puffy white and gray clouds obscure the Illinois sky. A few stubborn dead leaves cling to the bare trees that outline the edges of the frozen, stubbled fields. Rusted tin outbuildings emphasize the severity of secluded farmhouses. Everything is brown, tan and gray. We pass small towns with their tall plastic signs to attract the highway trade—gas (E-Z access) and the inevitable McDonald's. Grain silos and water towers. The only difference is the names.

We stop in a small town, wash up, change clothes and eat breakfast at a local family restaurant with the churchgoers. They glance at us with idle curiosity while yelling at the kids, talking about the neighbors, speculating about spring. I look around the room and think I will be home within twenty-four hours. I smile at the chattering waitress and tell her my earrings are from Wisconsin. Back on the road for the last push, I am aware we are only four hours from the city. The pace accelerates. Everyone switches lanes without signalling. I go back to sleep.

Bill rouses me at a gas station thirty miles south of our destination. Another part of the ritual. For some reason, I always drive the last stretch. We are running later than usual so I go inside to let Gene know. It is snowing and so cold my lungs are shocked. The Chicago radio station terms it "probable flurries" though they feel definite and real to me. The snow is blowing sideways. There is little visibility. As it is not sticking yet, the streets are just slick and not frozen. The serious city traffic hovers between 65-68 m.p.h.. These people do know how to negotiate wet streets.

My shoulders are locked and my hands clutch the steering wheel as I strain to stay aware of all the cars around me. Almost all I see are the rapid shuttling of red taillights. The DJ now calls it "occasional flurries." She chortles of a high tomorrow of forty degrees. "Spring is in the air!" Sunset is in a few hours with the temperature dropping to twenty. Fog and rain shut down the airport just yesterday. Snow and ice seem even better reasons to do so.

We arrive at the drop point, a nice apartment in a neighborhood of older buildings. Kids play outside. We have arrived within the half-hour span I last predicted. We have driven almost 2,000 miles. I am relieved to be here and then discover a note on the door saying that Gene is out but will be back soon. I maintain a patient face though inside I am roaring and shattering windows. We are sitting quietly in the car when he arrives fifteen minutes later. We carry the luggage in. I state immediately that I want to change to an earlier flight than our 11 p.m. reservation. I do not want to wait. Bill and Gene scoff at my anxiety. More time is wasted with suppositions about whether we will have enough time to return the rental car and catch an earlier flight. Finally, I lose my temper. We change the reservations.

Bill and I perform the last act of our routine on the way to drop off the rental car. We explode in a bitter argument. Most often it is sparked by criticism of my driving and closed with both of us vowing to never speak to the other again. I expect it and it still infuriates me. I don't even wish to drive the last part. At least the silence is shorter each time. When Gene picks us up at the rental agency, he asks, "Did you

have your fight?" and laughs.

He pays us on the way to the airport. Now, we only have to get home. I realize that my shoulders, neck and upper back are corded and aching. This has been the most tiring run yet.

At the terminal, we wait in line for more than twenty-five minutes. Our flight is scheduled to depart in less than twenty. Everyone has a complicated and rare problem with their flight, each requiring a minimum of two personnel to unravel it. There are still three people ahead of us in line. Finally, I am standing in front of the counter and staring at the clock. I am told that I need not worry. Everything is postponed. Not only will our flight not be leaving for another three hours but it will be on a different airline located in another building. The airport is very crowded and there is a camaraderie unusual between strangers in this city. Everyone unites through their exasperation with the airlines.

After a few more delays, we make it back to Tucson. Bill says he thinks this has been the smoothest yet. I assume he is kidding but then understand he means it. I decide that he is crazed. I say, "I may not want to do this anymore. Considering all there is to lose, it just doesn't seem worth it." I own my own home, I have a decent job. He says I'll get over it after I've slept.

Two days later, I get the promotion I have been working toward for the past couple of years. Gene calls me that night and offers me another trip. It is to a new destination with a number of unknowns but will pay more than the others. I am still drained. The feeling of dangerous risk and the ensuing tension remains. This new trip is much too soon and does not feel right. I refuse. He presents a number of options which I also reject. I talk to Bill, who says he feels a little uneasy. We speak again later and he tells me he has decided to go for it. He is taking along a close friend who is very excited about the easy money.

The following evening, I talk to my boyfriend. He says, "This was your last trip, right?" I reply, "Maybe just one more time," and then I hear my words.


*A lawyer has told Bill and his friend that they are lucky that they are dealing with the federal courts. It would be much harder on them if they were facing charges in the county where they were busted.*

*If convicted, they face a maximum time of fifteen years in a federal penitentiary and a maximum fine of \$30,000. As convicted felons, they would lose their right to vote, be unable to hold certain public offices and public licenses, and lose the right to carry guns.*

*It is quite unlikely that the maximum will apply to them though. Neither of them has a record and they are contributing members of the community.*

*The jails are already overcrowded. □*

*The driver has retired. She now works a regular job in Tucson.*



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# VIDEO SIXTIES MOVIES

BY KEN NICHOLS

Early summer always pitches me into a 1960s nostalgia fever. It was twenty years ago today. Sgt. Perez was teaching his band to play: Army basic training at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma—a short step up from hard time. Pondering a personal benchmark like that usually uncages autobiographical monologues that sedate even best friends. And we all know this '60s thing is out of hand—obsessive, spoiled baby boomers imposing their mass public therapy experiment on us again. Hey, I can dig whatever you're into, but I'm going on this tour of the '60s. My VCR will be the magic carpet.

It was a landmark decade for Stanley Kubrick. James Bond movies, Pink Panther movies and Clint Eastwood movies were born. It was the dawn of high-tech graphic violence and movie nudity. We may not see another time like it in pop music, and those sounds fueled some knockout flicks.

In the '60s, conspiracy theories consumed all the energy we now expend on appearing sensitive. One theory concerns the Academy Awards. For nearly ten years the voters for Best Picture were held captive and drugged on a 1950s small-town movie set. Some of their choices: "West Side Story" ('61), "Lawrence of Arabia" ('62), "My Fair Lady" ('64), "The Sound of Music" ('65), "A Man for All Seasons" ('66), "Oliver!" ('68). There's some good stuff on that list, but the voters clearly were brainwashed: the big, the expensive, the safe and, if possible, the musical. The only interesting Best Picture awards of the decade came in 1960, before the Academy was imprisoned ("The Apartment"), and in 1969, when it was liberated ("Midnight Cowboy").

Even if you missed the '60s and don't care, or remember it only as a time of bad craziness in the young, you don't get a break: after the '60s they kept making movies about the '60s (every Bruce Dern or Elliott Gould movie, for example). Let's stop being bummed out about the '60s and give thanks that men can grow beards and keep their jobs, women can get jobs and there are middle-aged people who listen to the Yardbirds. Let's rent some flicks and check out a gaudy era.

**Stanley Kubrick.** One day (unless Kurosawa never dies) Stan will be our Greatest Living Director. His work embraced the times: "Lolita" ('62), "Dr. Strangelove" ('64), "2001: A Space Odyssey" ('68), "A Clockwork Orange" ('71).

**Paranoia.** War, assassinations, riots, J. Edgar Hoover tapping our phones and reading our mail, the rise of Nixon, the draft board has your number. What fun. "The President's Analyst" ('67, prime satire, a gas), "Blowup" ('66), "Fahrenheit 451" ('66), "Easy Rider" ('69, looks silly now, but a great sound track). You can't even turn your back on the beasts and the children: "The Birds" ('63) and "Village of the Damned" ('60).

**Serious Films Adapted From Serious Writing.** "The Night of the Iguana" ('64), "The Spy Who Came From the Cold" ('65), "Long Day's Journey Into Night" ('62), "The Collector" ('65), "To Kill A Mockingbird" ('63), "Lord of the Flies" ('63), "Reflections in a Golden Eye" ('67, John Huston's finest comedy), "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" ('67).

**Mean, Bleak Westerns.** Some pessimistic stuff here. Villains become unreasonably vicious (a character developed admirably in the '70s), good guys aren't much nicer and Newman's in a ten-year bad mood, someone you'd avoid in real life. (A couple of these flicks are cops-and-robbers, but their hearts are anti-Western.) "Nevada Smith" ('66, the toughest of the lot), "Hombre" ('67), "Hud" ('63), "The Professionals" ('66), Brando's "One-Eyed Jacks" ('61) and "The Appaloosa" ('66), "Bullitt" ('68), "Point Blank" ('67), and the BEST: Sam Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch" ('69).

**Movies About Rock 'n' Roll and What It Does To People.** The best concert flick of all times, "Woodstock" ('70), "Monterey Pop" ('69), "Hair" ('79), "Kids Are Alright" ('79), "Quadrophonia" ('79, a good year for the '60s), "Janis" ('75), "Alice's Restaurant" ('69), "Gimme Shelter" ('70), "A Hard Day's Night" ('64), "Help" ('65).

And there's Bond, Blake Edwards and Clouseau, Roger Corman, Spaghetti Westerns. Neat movies about kids ("The Graduate," "Goodbye Columbus"). A kind of flick they don't make anymore—weird all-star comedies like "Candy," "What's New Pussycat" and "Casino Royale." Movies about the '60s—"Purple Haze," "Four Friends." And a big category called "Vietnam." Well, maybe next time. Right now, I've got an itch to see Alvin Lee in "Woodstock." □

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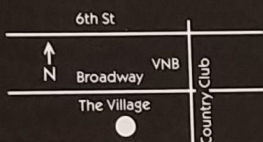
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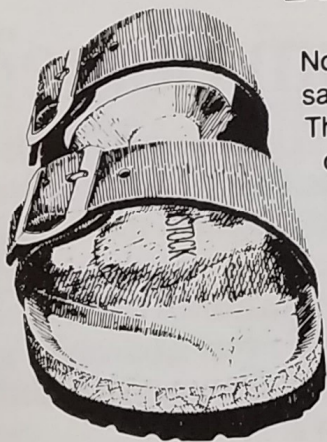


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BYRD

## THE DEVIL IN BLUE JEANS

*The rules of denim*

BY BYRD BAYLOR

I have this sophisticated friend who claims she never had a "meaningful relationship" with a man whose normal daily attire included Levis.

"But what about Wranglers or Lees?" I asked her. "Surely, one of those...."

"You miss the point," she said. "I mean I think a man looks better in a good dark business suit."

Until that moment, it had not occurred to me that a sane woman would believe that any man in any costume anywhere could look better than a western man in western jeans. (*Western* is the key word here. We all know that eastern men look funny wearing western jeans. It is because they don't walk right.)

So anyway, I assumed that my friend was insane, an assumption later proved to be correct because she left the Southwest and went away to live in New York City. I have other friends who, through no fault of their own, are stuck in such cities, and they make pilgrimages every now and then to the Marlboro Man billboards just to see those jeans. One friend told me she once stood there in the snow for half an hour, staring up and sobbing. (She had worn her old black Lees and her Tony Llama boots for the occasion.)

You can see that this is heady stuff, charged with emotion. There are several truths involved, but the one which comes immediately to mind is that there are exactly three designer labels you don't have to ashamed to wear: Wrangler, Levi and Lee. That's it. A holy triumvirate. A closed club. Even L. L. Bean and Eddie Bauer don't have a chance of getting in.

Most of us grew up thinking "levis" was a general term referring to any of the three brands, but they are not actually interchangeable. A commitment to any one of them is usually a lifetime commitment and is not taken lightly. Local folklore has it that all bull riders and at least seventy-five percent of working cowboys wear Wranglers, whereas about twenty percent of all rodeo cowgirls wear Lees. The rest of the votes are not yet in.

Of course we are talking about shrink-to-fit. If you buy pre-shrunk jeans, it is understood that you have some kind of character flaw and people in real jeans are going to snicker as you walk by. You might as well move east and try to start a new life.

Just as bad as buying pre-shrunk, maybe even worse, is buying pre-faded. No matter how long you have them, they will only be pre-faded jeans;



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they will never be the work of art that real faded jeans become.

In the world of real jeans, new is not beautiful. They start out stiff and formless, incredibly uncomfortable, harsh against the skin. But never mind. It takes only four or five months of constant wear for them to soften and fade. Some people say that approximately twenty-three washings are required. Some say you need to talk to them the way you do to plants, presumably pleading with them not to wear out at the knees before they attain that classic pale blue color. And everyone knows they should be hung on the fence to dry in the sun.

So we learn that perfection comes slowly. And for some of us, this waiting period is all we'll ever know—or want to know—about the unlikely concept of delayed gratification.

You'll notice that most fat cowboys wear their jeans too tight, and most skinny cowboys wear them too loose. All cowboys wear them just a little too long. But of course if they do it, it must be right.

We all want to look like cowboys—even people who have KEEP CATTLE OFF OUR PUBLIC LANDS bumper stickers on their pick-up trucks. In a trendy town like Santa Fe, people go to so much trouble trying to look like ranchers (or at least the owner of one horse) that they'll buy a bale of hay and keep it in the back of their trucks forever. But wouldn't you know it, those are the people who buy their jeans prefaded.

Jeans achieve perfection only when they are frayed on the bottom and have a lot of white stringy threads hanging down. You NEVER cut those threads off.

Another sign of that final perfection is that your jeans have molded

themselves not only to your individual body but to whatever you habitually carry in your pockets. There will be fade lines in the back pocket where you keep your wallet and they will outline the wallet exactly. More important, there will be similar fade lines on the other back pocket where you keep your can of Skoal. Certain men who never chew the stuff have been known to keep an empty Skoal can in their back pocket just to have that mark, the ultimate status symbol.

Women, however, put nothing at all in their pockets. They can't because their jeans are too tight, and they've gone to a lot of trouble to get them that way. The traditional method is to get into a tub of hot water (a few degrees below boiling) and then go out into the sun and let the jeans dry on you. If you've done it properly, they will be almost impossible to remove and even more difficult than that to get back on again. In fact, the only way to put them on is to lie down while tugging and pulling. It sometimes takes ten or fifteen minutes and may require the help of several people.

For formal occasions, you always press a crease in your jeans and wear them with your best Levi jacket (commonly called a New Mexico dinner jacket).

Strange as it seems, there are certain fancy restaurants in Tucson where they say (even though your jeans are pressed) that your attire is not "appropriate." If that happens, you should just laugh at them and mosey on down the road because you wouldn't want to eat with people who don't know how to dress. □

*Byrd Baylor has written several award-winning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, Yes Is Better Than No.*



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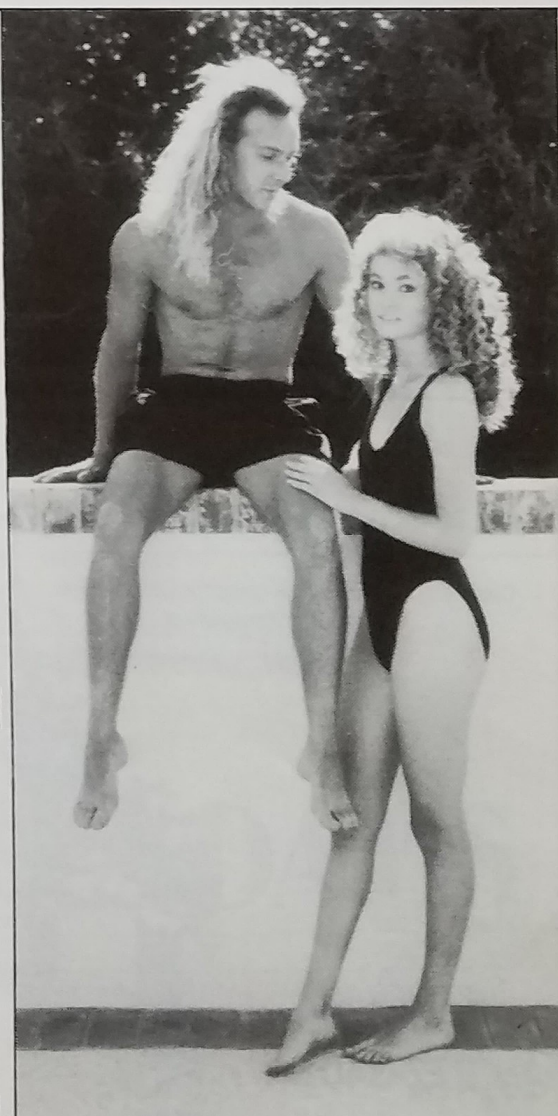
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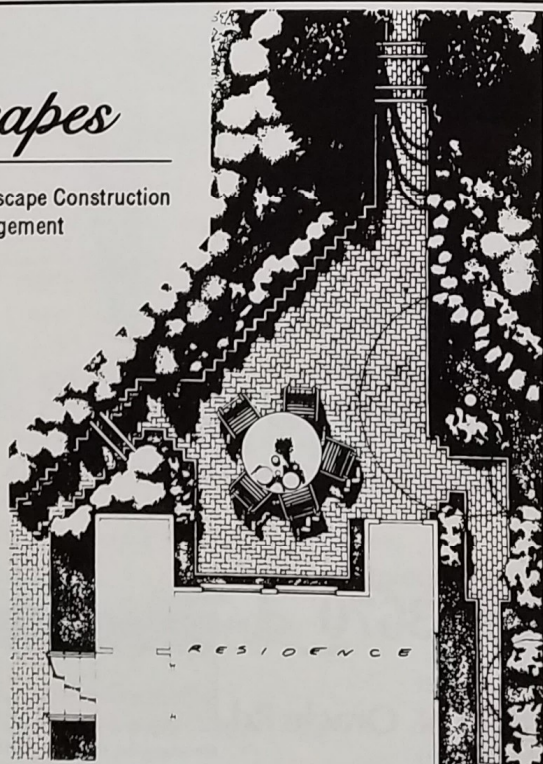
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## LOCAL CUSTOM

# LA CORUA

*A serpent that haunts the underground veins of water*

BY JIM GRIFFITH



Bettina Single

**H**ere we are again, rapidly approaching half-past June. As I've said before, this is the time of year when things get downright noticeable here in Baja Arizona. The heat reaches its peak intensity this month, bringing some things with it, and driving others away. Eventually, it should bring the rains. In the meantime, it has

encouraged mesquites to leaf out, got the palo verde and the saguaros to bloom, chased the snowbirds away, and brought out the snakes.

I'm no Texan, but I spent enough childhood years in the rural West to absorb what J. Frank Dobie once called the Texas creed: never leave a gate unclosed or a rattlesnake unkilld. (A



careful reading of recent letters to editors suggests that a slightly different approach is gaining ground.) We all did it: nobody thought much of it. If you even heard a buzzworm, the thing to do was find it and do it in. An old teacher of mine used to accomplish this spectacularly by grabbing the critters by the tail and popping their heads off. (He wore chaps, a leather jacket and gloves while doing this parlor trick, by the way.) This general feeling of hostility towards serpents seems to be deeply ingrained in our culture; witness the form the Father of Lies is said to have taken in the Garden of Eden. And most European-descended folks in our region share this attitude. I've been on Mexican picnics at which all observed rattlers were swiftly converted into dead rattlers.

Granted, sharing one's turf with a family of rattlesnakes can be a bit awkward. But consider the Tohono

**An elderly vaquero described the great flood of 1983. It was a lot of water, he told me, *una media culebra* (half a snake).**

O'dham approach to the same problem. One friend told me that when one found a rattlesnake in a village (and the areas around O'dham houses consist of cleared, packed dirt where snakes have trouble hiding), you should talk to it and threaten dire consequences if it doesn't go away. And it often does just that—snakes seem to like to be around people about as much as people like to be around snakes, and possibly for some of the same reasons.

But rattlesnakes aren't the only significant serpents in this region, and I want to spend the rest of this column talking about a very ancient kind of snake indeed: *la corua*. You won't find *coruas* out at the Desert Museum or in any of the herpetology texts. They are the big snakes that, according to many local *Mexicanos*, live in—and protect—water holes and springs. I first heard about them in Sonora, and since have found folks in Tucson, Marana and Benson who know about them. They are very large, according to some accounts have no teeth and maybe a cross on the forehead, and live in the water. (There's one near Benson that has long fangs which it is believed to use to clean the underground veins of water.) If you kill the *corua* that lives in a spring, the spring will dry up. That's what happened, according to one person, at the

Tanque Verde in the Tucson area.

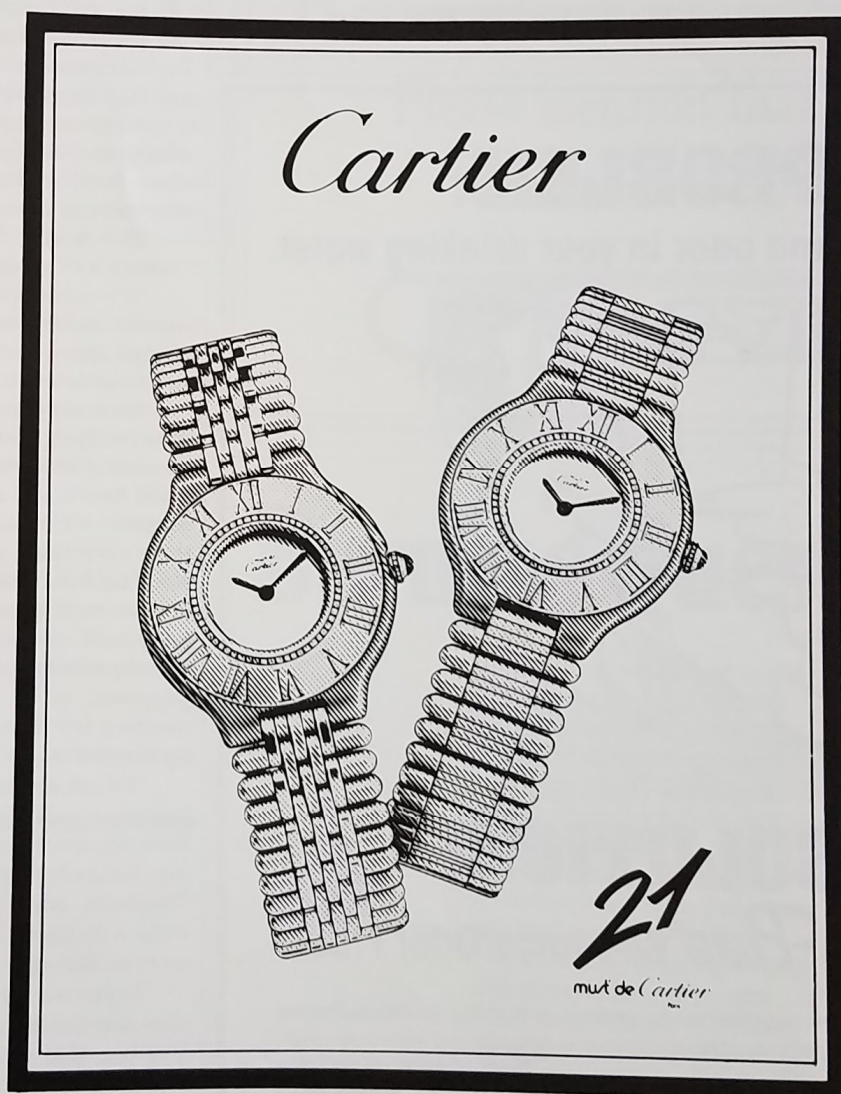
I got fascinated with this, and poked a little further. Into a dictionary, in fact, and discovered some interesting things about Sonoran Spanish. A lot of words that have to do with snakes also have to do with water. *Alicante*, for instance, is a perfectly good Spanish word for a snake which is used in Arizona and Sonora for the black racer. But it's also the local term for an above-ground irrigation ditch. *Corua* itself is sometimes used for the sort of pipe that carries irrigation water over a wash. It isn't really a Spanish word—it's bor-

rowed from the Yaqui language. And it shares the root "co" with a lot of snake words in other Mexican Indian languages, including the Aztec *Quetzalcoatl*, the Feathered Serpent.

And that's what *la corua* seems to be—the good old Water Serpent of Middle America, still holding his own way up here on the northwest frontier. The Hopis up in Northern Arizona know about him too, as do the Zunis and other Indians in Northern New Mexico. But I never expected to run into him down here in the desert country. Now THERE'S something really old for

you. Oh yes...one last thought. An elderly vaquero of my acquaintance was describing the great flood of 1983, comparing it to the one in Sonora in 1914 that washed away the rear end of the mission at Caborca. It was a lot of water, he told me—*una media culebra* (half a snake). And that's life in this border country—a land that seems to have room for both winter visitors and ancient protective deities. Why would anyone want to live anywhere else? □

Jim Griffith is director of the University of Arizona Southwest Folklore Center.



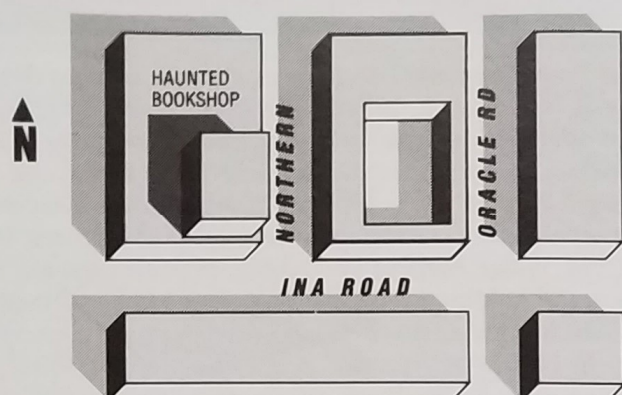
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## BOOKS

# FEAR OF INFLATION

*Low-Hurdling through the Real World*

BY JANE BERRY

*The Bean Trees* by Barbara Kingsolver (New York: Harper & Row, 1987), 232 pp. \$16.95 hard cover.

There's a passage somewhere in the middle of *The Bean Trees* in which country-girl protagonist Taylor Greer—low on sophistication and high on gumption—wanders into a downtown Tucson art gallery. A woman is putting the last touches on what looks to Taylor to be a bush-shaped hunk of sand.

"It's terrific," Taylor tells her. "What's it supposed to be?"

"It's non-representational," the woman replies, looking at Taylor as though she were "some kind of bug she'd just found in her bathroom."

The scene is as good a place as any to start talking about Kingsolver's new novel and the writer herself, not because the book is about how Taylor or Kingsolver hate art snobs, but because there's one thing you've got to understand up front about this work: It's not written to impress anybody. It's not supposed to be a showplace for pseudo-artistic verbal backflips. It's just supposed to be a good read, with maybe a few observations on humanity thrown in.

"I think it's important not to let art become something that people have to have degrees or an education to enjoy," says Kingsolver, a thirty-three-year-old Tucsonan, who—like Taylor—comes from a Kentucky town so tiny there were no dial-tone phones 'til the 1970s.

Taylor's a sort of ballsy Pollyanna who sets out from Kentucky in an old VW bug that will hardly crank over. She is one of the few fictional women around these days who doesn't have problems with her mother, but she leaves home anyway, having experienced the near-miracle of avoiding pregnancy long enough to get a high school diploma.

She's not without fear, of course. Her main fear is of putting air in tires, having seen a neighbor man thrown over the top of a Standard Oil sign after a tractor tire he was inflating exploded.

Taylor continues to elude motherhood until she stops for a hamburger on the Cherokee Nation in Oklahoma.

She goes into a greasy cafe, where a pair of less-than-friendly men are sitting, eyes glued to an Oral Roberts show on TV ("Praise the Lord. 1-800-THE-LORD" is flashing on the screen).

When she goes out to her car, an Indian woman who had been sitting in the cafe follows her and gives her a baby. Believe it or not, this is how Taylor becomes a mommy.

She continues on with the baby, named Turtle, to Tucson and meets Mattie, who runs a tire store, and Lou Ann, another Kentucky native who is also a new mother. (Lou Ann had her son, Dwayne Ray, using the conventional method.)

Taylor soon learns Mattie is involved in the Sanctuary Movement, and through Mattie and Lou Ann and Turtle and two Guatemalan refugees named Estevan and Esperanza, she learns people out in the world aren't as nice as the folks back home.

For example, when Mattie is trying to explain to her that some refugees arrive with injuries, Taylor is incredulous. "What do you mean, they get here hurt?" she asks.

"Hurt," she said. "A lot of them get here with burns, for instance."

"I was confused. 'I don't get why they would have burns,' I persisted."

"She looked at me for so long that I felt edgy. 'Cigarette burns,' she said. 'On their backs.'"

Actually what happens is that Taylor falls a little in love with Estevan, while Esperanza loves Turtle because the little girl reminds her of her own daughter, kidnapped in Guatemala to blackmail the couple.

It all works out in the end, though. This is one of those novels where the plot and the characters fit together as tidily as a jigsaw puzzle, with everyone better off for the changes they've been put through.

If you want to be English-majorish about it, you could make a case for this novel being about becoming an adult or facing fear or somehow otherwise losing the down-white feathers of naiveté. But I can see kids picking *The Bean Trees* up in junior high school libraries and remembering it, later, as one of the books that formed their outlook on the world. I think it would be a healthy



outlook, one intolerant of hypocrisy and heavy on compassion, in which women can be courageous and capable.

How many books containing a chapter titled "The Miracle of Dog Doo Park" can you say that about?

The book is also fun because if you've lived in Tucson any time at all, you can picture the places Kingsolver describes. Her Republic Hotel, for example, is probably the Hotel Congress, and the scene in the gallery is obviously on Congress Street. Even that guy on Fourth Avenue who sells fruit from his old truck makes a brief appearance. The character based on him, however, falls in love and gets married.

"I worried a little about that scene in the gallery," says Kingsolver, who has friends who are Congress Street artists. Luckily, none were offended.

Kingsolver has been in Tucson since 1977, having come here after her visa to work for the Sorbonne on an archaeological dig in France ran out.

"I came here on a whim," she says, explaining that she had a friend in Greece who was headed for Arizona. She told the friend her visa woes and he said, "Well, you want to come to Tucson?" And so she did.

Since she's been here she's earned a master's in ecology and evolutionary biology and worked for the University of Arizona as a technical writer. She's also been a freelance journalist. She's married to a UA chemist and has a daughter, one-year-old Camille.

Despite its Tucson grounding, Kingsolver's book was written with the folks back home in mind. She wanted to get across their downhome willingness to help one another.

"When I was thinking about the process of people helping each other, the Sanctuary movement seemed a beautiful metaphor for that process," she says. "I tried very hard not to make

any characters have counterparts in real life."

Kingsolver herself is active in the feminist movement, Amnesty International, and the Tucson Coalition for Human Rights in Latin America.

The book is autobiographical in other ways. It opens, for example, with a scene of the man being catapulted over the oil sign. Unbelievable as that may be, Kingsolver says it really happened back in Kentucky when she was a little girl.

"It impressed me a great deal," she says. "The whole time I was writing I was doing a sort of therapy on myself—blowing up bicycle tires and such."

Now she's at work on a second novel, which deals with eyes and blindness. "Another great phobia I have is about losing my vision. My husband laughs that if I write about all my phobias I'll be in business for years."

Besides that, she's completing a book of short stories, also to be published by Harper & Row. A nonfiction book about women involved in the 1983 copper strike will be released at the end of this year. And she wants to keep writing novels, but is committed to be non-elitist about it.

"A lot of people in the world make wonderful and creative things, but they don't sign their names to them," she says. "Our society rewards some work with notoriety and writing is one of those things. People make cars, for instance, and they don't say 'Hank Jones' when they roll off the assembly line."

"My father-in-law, who has never read anything but the Sears catalog, really enjoyed the book. That's one thing I've loved about sticking to my commitment." □

Jane Berry is a Tucson writer and journalist.

## GUIDE TO THE UNSPEAKABLE

*Now preppies ain't the only ones with an etiquette book*

Highly entertaining: *The Official Redneck Handbook* by Bo Whaley (Rutledge Hill Press, 513 Third Ave. S, Nashville, TN, 159 pages, \$5.95).

Bo Whaley is an award-winning columnist for the Dublin, Georgia, *Courier Herald*. He is a very funny man and this is a very funny book. In the chapter "How Can Yankees Blend In," Whaley recommends: "Learn to talk with a kitchen match in your mouth. Learn to spit a lot. If your name is Maurice or Bruce, switch to initials. If you're female, assume a double first

name, like Robbie Nell."

In the chapter on music and entertainment he lists two pages of great song titles like "It's Easy to Find an Unhappy Woman 'Til I Start Lookin' for Mine" and "If You Want to Keep the Beer Real Cold, Put it Next to my Ex-Wife's Heart."

While Whaley uses some great parodies of white Southerners, he's laughin' with 'em, not at 'em. He is clearly part of his culture, sympathetic to it, and likes living in it. □

—Emil Franzi

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Hal Gould

## Kevin Bowman

*Kevin Bowman is a professional musician. He came to Tucson twelve years ago, married Candy and the two of them are now raising five daughters: Meagan, Jessie, Kelly, Kizzy and Emily. While his musical career is based on a folk-rock solo act, he has also recently completed an original rock 'n' roll album, *Fixin' To Split For Good*. The album, available on cassette only, was produced in a garage studio with several other local musicians.*

**W**hat usually happens is they call everybody they really like and when they can't get in touch with any those people, then they call me. They say, "Kevin, we know you do this solo thing, but can you get together a four-piece with a saxophone player," or something off the wall like that, and if you have enough friends you can come up with something and help both the client and your friends. Once I got three of us jobs as "Moroccan" musicians....

I don't like being pigeonholed. I tell people I play American music. I'm a singer basically, and I like to write and I like to make it happen for people. The particular medium isn't that important.

One time I got called by this company that picks up big groups from the airport and takes them out for an Old Tucson gunfight, horseback riding, a steak cookout, a sunset, western music and square-dancing. This time the client had declined having a tent set up and the company kept saying, "You gotta have a tent, you gotta have a tent," to the point that the client got mad and there were already bad rela-

tions even before the group arrived. They were in six buses—some big insurance company. Well it was raining torrentially, we're talking mudslides, and after horseback riding the group was drenched all the way to the bone. They had to call fifteen places to get a tent that big at the last minute. So we figured it was our job to be the diplomats and make it better. We didn't wait for them to say where to set up or when to start, we just got out of the car and started playing. And it just worked. People were saying the band saved the day.

Then, we're playing "Tom Dooley" and "Home on the Range" and some person, thinking he's making a big joke, says, "Why don't you play some Led Zeppelin, har, har...." So we do. And their jaws drop. Then they request us to play Bruce Springsteen and we do, and we just start playing all this rock music, which happens just about every time I do this sort of singing-cowboy-western thing.

At the end of the night the group is wanting to give us more money to keep playing. There's like this big wad of money there and I really wanted to take it, but the organizers and the ones standing around serving drinks are whispering and I overheard 'em: "Pull the plug on the band and we can go home." So they did and we went home.

Besides living in Tucson, we lived in Safford for a few years and ran this donut shop. We had set up, like a lot of people do, the regular bills, the charge accounts, the car payment. We lost this business and

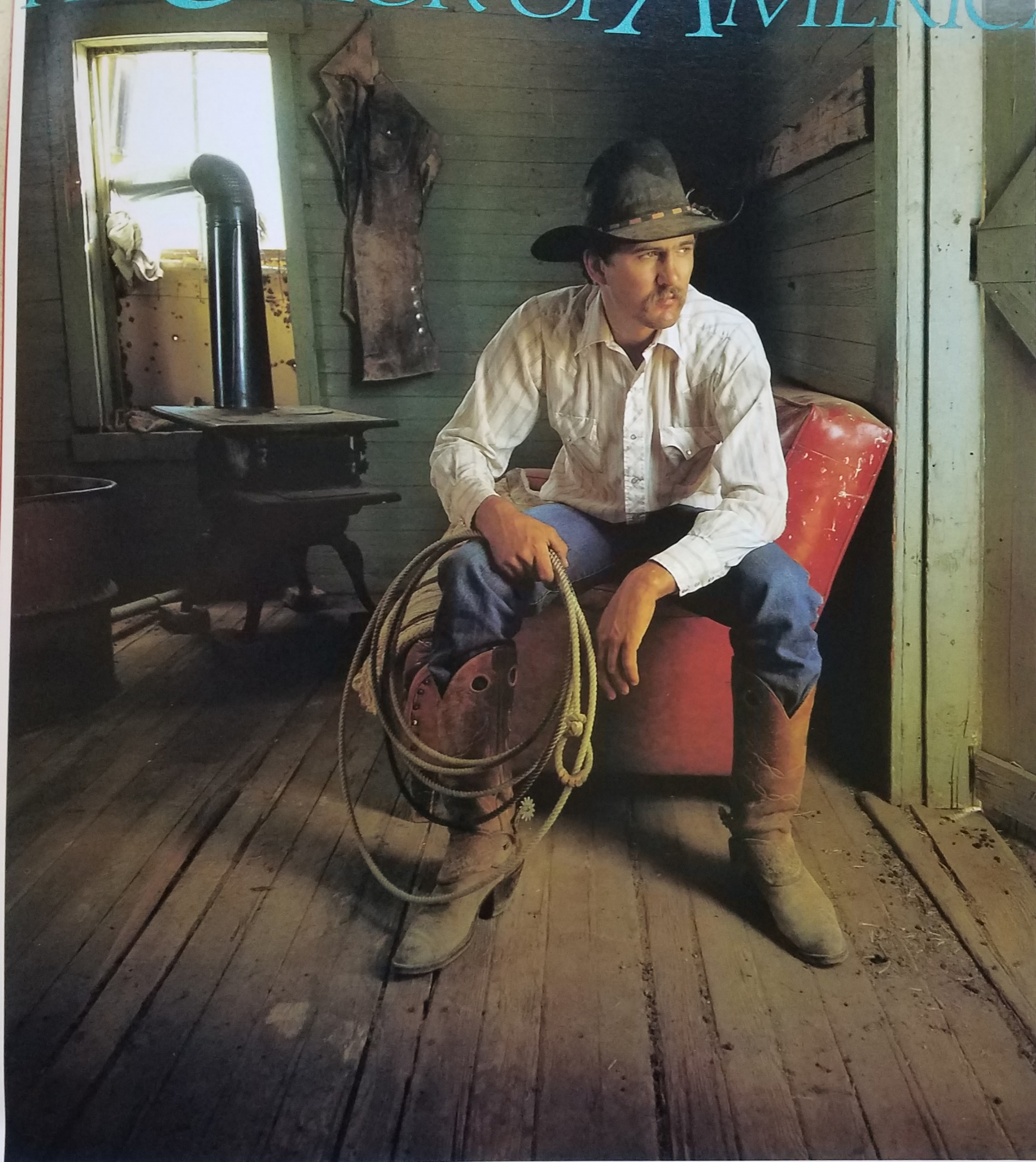
went through the experience of simply not being able to pay our debts. We realized what we really wanted to do was to enjoy our family—we were having so many children by then that we wanted to have some time for them—and that I really wanted to play music and create music.

We decided we should come back to Tucson and live in a house that someone had abandoned. We found some houses like that and found out who owned them. The first person that we called was the ticket. He was overjoyed that someone would even consider living in the place. An appraiser had told him the land would be more valuable if the house was already torn down. It had some problems but it could be liveable. It had thirty-nine panes of glass that were broken. It was fairly crude. We had to run some plumbing outside of the walls, but we got it rolling. It had its own well and sometimes I could pump water to the tank but not to the house. Then I would have to carry buckets up and back. The babies were born taking baths with buckets.

We had an agreement to live there for free while we fixed it up. And I got to do it with my family. They all helped in their own way. Sometimes Meagan would actually get in the way holding up a nail, but nowadays when she's got a nail in her hands, she's a genuine help. They all want to contribute. The key thing is that if you're working really hard, you'll get something back. It may not be what you want, it may not be money, but you're gonna get good things coming back. □



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